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JUNE.

O JUNE! prime season of the annual round,
Thy gifts with rich variety abound;
Though hot thy suns—they luscious fruits mature,
Though loud thy thunders—coolness they procure;
Pleasing thy twilight to the studious muse,
Thy evening coolness, and thy morning dews.

WELCOME once more to sweet
June, the month which comes

Half pranked with spring, with summer half im-
browned.

Yet it is almost startling to those who
regret the speed of time, and especial-
ly of those

Who like the soil, who like the element skies,
Who like the verdant hills, and flowery plains,

to behold how far the season has ad-
vanced. But with this we must be
sensibly struck, if we give a retro-
spective glance to the days when,
in our walks, we hailed with delight
the first faint announcements of a
new spring, the first snatch of milder
air, the first peep of green, the first
flowers which dared the unsettled ele-
ments—the snow-drop, violets, prim-
roses, and then a thousand beautiful
and short-lived blooms. They are
gone! The light tints of young fo-
liage, so pure, so tender, so spiritual,
are vanished. What the poet appli-
ed to the *end* of summer, is realized
now:

It is the season when the *green delight*
Of leafy luxury begins to fade,
And leaves are changing hourly on the sight.

A duller and darker uniformity of
green has spread over the hedges;
and we behold, in the forest trees,
the farewell traces of spring. *They*,
indeed, exhibit a beautiful variety.

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The oak has "spread its amber leaves
out in the sunny sheen;" the ash has
unfolded its more cerulean drapery;
the maple, beech, and sycamore are
clad in most delicate vestures; and
even the dark perennial firs are en-
livened by young shoots and cones
of lighter green. Our admiration of
the foliage of trees would rise much
higher, did we give it a more particular
attention. The leaves of the horse-
chestnut are superb. Passing through
a wood we broke off one without
thinking of what we were doing; but
being immediately struck with its size
and beauty, we found on trial, that it
measured no less than one yard and
three quarters round, and the leaf
and footstalk three quarters of a yard
in length, presenting a natural hand-
screen of unrivalled elegance of
shape. It is now, too, that many of
the forest trees put forth their blos-
soms. The chestnut in the earliest
period of the month, is a glorious ob-
ject, laden with "ten thousand wax-
en, pyramidal flowers." Then come
the less conspicuous, but yet beauti-
ful developements of other giants of
the wood. The sycamore, the map-
le, and the hornbeam are affluent
with their pale yellow florets, quickly
followed by winged seeds; the ash
shows its bunches of green keys;
and, lastly, the lime bursts into one

proud glow of beauty, filling the warm breeze with honied sweetness, and the ear with the hum of a thousand bees,—

Pilgrims of summer, which do bow the knee
Zealously at every shrine.

The general character of June, in the happiest seasons, is fine, clear, and glowing, without reaching the intense heats of July. Its commencement is the only period of the year in which we could possibly forget that we are in a world of perpetual change and decay. The earth is covered with flowers, and the air is saturated with their fragrance. It is true that many have vanished from our path, but they have slid away so quietly, and their places have been occupied by so many fragrant and beautiful successors, that we have been scarcely sensible of their departure. Every thing is full of life, greenness, and vigour. Families of young birds are abroad, and a busy life the parents have of it till they can peck for themselves. The swallow is careering in clear skies, and

Ten thousand insects in the air abound,
Flitting on glancing wings that yield a summer sound.

The flower-garden is in its highest splendour. "It is the very carnival of Nature," and she is prodigal of her luxuries. It is luxury to walk abroad, indulging every sense with sweetness, loveliness and harmony. It is luxury to stand beneath the forest side, when all is basking and still at noon, and to see the landscape suddenly darken, the black and tumultuous clouds assemble as at a signal,—to hear the awful thunder crash upon the listening air,—and then to mark the glorious bow rise on the lucid rear of the tempest,—the sun laugh jocundly abroad, and

Every bathed leaf and blossom fair
Pour out their soul to the delicious air.

It is luxury to haunt the gardens of old-fashioned cottages in the morning, when the bees are flitting forth with a rejoicing hum; or at eve, when the honeysuckle and sweetbriar mingle their spirit with the

breeze. It is luxury to plunge into the cool river; and, if ever we were tempted to turn anglers, it would be now. To steal away into a quiet valley, by a winding stream, buried, completely buried in fresh grass; the foam-like flowers of the meadow sweet, the crimson loose-strife, and the large blue geranium nodding beside us; the dragon-fly and king fisher glancing to and fro; the trees above casting their flickering shadows on the stream, and one of our ten thousand volumes of delectable literature in our pocket; then, indeed, could we be a most patient angler, content though we caught not a single fin. What luxurious images would there float through the mind! Gray could form no idea of heaven superior to lying on a sofa and reading novels; but it is in the flowery lap of June that we can best climb

Up to the sunshine of uncumbered ease.

How delicious, too, are the evenings become. The damps and frosts of spring are past. The earth is dry. The night air is balmy and refreshing. The glow-worm has lit her lamp. Go forth when the business of the day is over, thou who art pent in city toils, and stroll through the newly shot corn, along the grassy and hay-scented fields. Linger beside the solitary woodland. The gale of evening is stirring its mighty and umbrageous branches. The wild rose, with its flowers of most delicate odor, and of every tint, from the deepest blush to the purest pearl; the wreathed and luscious honeysuckle, and the verdurous snowy-flowered elder, embellish every wayside, or light up the most shadowy region of the wood. Field peas and beans, in full flower, add their spicy aroma. The red clover is, at once, splendid and profuse of its honeyed breath. The awned heads of rye, wheat, and barley, and the nodding panicles of oat, shoot forth from their green and glaucous stems in broad, level, and waving expanses of present beauty and future promise. The very waters are garlanded with flowers.

The sun-sets of this month are commonly glorious. The mighty luminary goes down pavilioned amidst clouds of every hue,—the splendour of burnished gold, the deepest mazarine blue, fading away, in the higher heavens, to the palest azure; and an ocean of purple shadow flung over the twilight of woods, or the far stretching and lovely landscape. The heart of the spectator is touched; it is melted and rapt into dreams of past and present,—pure, elevated, and tinged with a poetic tenderness which can never awake amidst the crowd of mortals or of books.

SONNET.

The summer sun had set! the blue mist sailed
Along the twilight lake: no sounds arose,
Save such as hallow nature's sweet repose,
And charm the ear of peace! Young zephyr
hailed

In vain the slumbering echo. In the grove
The song of night's lone bard, sweet Philomel,
Broke not the holy calm; the soft notes fell
Like the low whispered smiles of timid love.
I paused in adoration; and such dreams

As haunt the pensive soul, intensely fraught
With silent incommunicable thought,
And sympathy profound, with fitful gleams
Caught from the memory of departed years,
Flashed on my mind, and woke luxurious tears!

The state of nature we have described is just that which might be imagined to co-exist with perpetual summer. There are sunshine, beauty, and abundance, without a symptom of decay. But this will not last. We soon perceive the floridity of nature merging into a verdant monotony; we find a silence stealing over the landscape so lately filled with the voice of every creature's exultation. Anon the scythe is heard ringing,—a sound happy in its immediate associations, but, in fact, a note of pre-

paration for winter—a knell of the passing year. It reminds us, in the midst of warmth and fertility, that we must prepare for nakedness and frost; and that stripping away of the earth's glorious robe which it begins, will never cease till it leaves us in the dreary tempestuous region of winter; so

That fair flower of beauty fades away,
As doth the lily fresh before the sunny ray.
Great enemy to it and all the rest
That in the garden of fair nature springs
Is wicked Time, who, with his scythe addrest,
Does mow the flowering herbs and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground down flings;
Where they do wither, and are foully marred;
He flies about, and with his flaggy wings
Beats down both leaves and buds without
regard,
Nor ever pity may relent his malice hard.

Let us not, however, anticipate too sensitively the progress of time; let us rather enjoy the summer festivities which surround us. The green fruits of the orchard are becoming conspicuous, and the young nuts in the hedges and copses. *Grasses* are now in flower, and when the larger species are collected, and disposed tastefully, as we have seen them, by ladies, in vases, polished horns, and over pier-glasses, they retain their greenness through the whole year, and form, with their elegantly pensile panicles, bearded spikes, and silken plumes, exceedingly graceful ornaments.

Sheep-shearing, begun last month, is generally completed in this. The hay-harvest has commenced, and in some places, if the weather be favourable, completed; but next month may be considered the general season of *hay-making*.

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

No. I.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THERE is no living name the sound of which calls up so brilliant and various an array of recollections, as that of Sir Walter Scott. It seems an unsatisfactory and cheerless labour to pry into the corners, and get be-

hind the scenes, of a mind which we only know as the means of delighting us, by the society of hundreds of breathing and active beings—champions and kings, peasants and minstrels, weird beldames, fantastic spirits,

and joyous and delicate damosels. Yet, why should he, who has turned mankind into rich and bright romance, be himself exempted from the fortune to which he has subjected all the world beside; or claim to lie hid in the shadows of Abbotsford, and pace unnoticed the highways of 'Auld Reekie,' while century after century is unrolled before us in his pages, and our eyes are dazzled by the pageant of highlanders and chevaliers, monarchs and pilgrims. We must deal with the spell-monger beyond the circle of his power, and cope with him on other ground than the bush-clad rocks of his lonely valleys, or the rugged circuit of shattered monasteries, the presence-chambers of palaces now desolate, or the throng of gallants whose very tombs are dust; and that mind, which has never shone upon us, but as the sun is seen through a pictured window, when lighting and animating crowds of saints, monarchs, and warriors,—must, we fear, be looked at through that colourless glass, which is needful for the critic of mind, no less than for the physical experimentalist.

Sir Walter Scott is the greatest of observers. He seems to be, like the spirits, all eye and ear; but, unlike them, he has scarcely arrived at reflection, much less at intuition. He has looked with a close and searching, and, above all, with a sympathetic eye, on every thing around him, living or inactive. He has watched through the whole of his now waning life, (and may its final close be far distant!) the looks, the tones, the lightest indications of passion among men. He cannot be conceived as sitting for even an hour in a stage-coach or a coffee-room, without having drawn out and measured the characters of all his companions. Every sensitive or irritable line about the lips, every hair of the eye-brow up-raised in the grimace and frankness of foolish admiration, or drawn together into the compressed strength of thought, every pugnacious or friendly trembling of the finger,—bring him but for five minutes within

view of them, and he has them noted,—each of them the germ of a picture, or the hint of a personage. He is one of the few men of our generation, whom we may imaginé actually going forth like Shakspeare and Ben Jonson to 'take humours;' and it is a shrewd and curious art, in which he must, doubtless, be a thorough proficient: it is one in which a treasure of really kind and generous feeling is of more use than wealth, or rank, or even than those other prime requisites, caution and penetration. Seat him in the circle round the kitchen fire of a country ale-house, one of the blithest and most fertile scenes of study for an humble way-faring observer; and it is impossible to doubt that Scott would speedily win his way into the merry affections of the whole party, find out the secrets of a dozen rough-coated breasts, and know who are the rich ones, who the brave ones, who the beauty, and who the oracle, of the hamlet. The serving-maid would giggle while she filled his tumbler, the landlady smooth her apron with gracious attention while he spoke to her, the farmer open his mouth with astonishment at his knowledge of pigs and planting, the smith shake the rafters with a roar, when some good-humoured jest had hit the dusty miller; and the most widely celebrated mind of modern literature would become an intimate with ploughmen, and be held in honor by chimney-corner veterans. Or think of him benighted in some lonely cottage, how would he praise the ale, lay down a theory of peat-cutting, give grave advice on the roasting of potatoes, and teach some chubby-faced urchin to repeat a ballad, or bawl a Jacobite Pæan. We know no more of Sir Walter Scott than is known of him from the Vistula to the Ebro; but such things must have been done, such *were* done, by the author of Waverley. The field-preaching, the mart, the mess-room, the courts of law, and, meanest and most barren of them all, the tables of princes,—he *must* have looked at each with this same scrutinizing good-

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nature, and hawk-eyed friendliness. He has not only gazed upon society, but been a part of it; he has dissected it in a spirit of joyousness, and pried into its secrets with a frank and free-hearted curiosity. It is in the same vein that he has been a spectator of the outward and material world. He has never either turned from it in weariness, or seen it through a theory; but has obviously always found in the visible universe things interesting and beautiful, not as developments of any internal law, or as a lower range of phenomena than the human, yet filled with analogies to our own nature, but as wide and lofty, many-coloured and various facts, inexhaustible subjects for the healthy keenness of the senses, and feeding the mind with an endless succession of primary, uncompounded enjoyments. The mountain and the lake, the pine-wood and the cataract, he has wandered among them neither with misanthropic moodiness nor quietest enthusiasm; but to make them in fancy the stage, not of vague demons or ministering angels, but of hundreds of busy men, clothed indeed in the dresses of all different times and countries, yet thinking and feeling, speaking and acting like ourselves. He has noted the hues of clouds and shapes of crags and precipices, the carvings of pinnacles and massiness of battlements, with the earnest and hearty simplicity of a child; and the fresh vividness of his paintings re-produces them similarly for us. If the description of outward objects were an end and not a means, Sir Walter Scott would be almost a perfect writer; for we view them in his pages through a medium nearly as pure and colourless as the water of his Scottish hills, or the air upon their summit; and herein he is honourably distinguished from many of his predecessors, and some of his contemporaries. He has used his own eyes, and written from his own perceptions; and his works exhibit a fidelity of detail, and a general truth, which are a delightful restorative after mere fancy pictures. The tendency

of mind, which has made him look in this way at the men and things around him, has also marked with its own peculiarities his mode of contemplating the past. For him, history is a pageant; and as the world is a finely painted scene, so are mankind a gay procession. He sees, in by-gone centuries, but heaps of brilliant facts. Every individual age and climate seems present to his thoughts, as made up of certain characteristics of appearance,—arms, clothes and horses, festivals and buildings, the diadem of its sovereign and the doublets of its peasants. All times and lands have thus in his memory a splendid and picturesque existence; and his mind is like the glass of the Italian Wizard, or the cave of Shakspeare's witches, across which the portraits of dynasties, and the symbols of nations and epochs, are perpetually shifting and gleaming. The iron times of chivalry, the glittering magnificence of the East, the barbarian wildness of the Highlands, the prison of Mary, the Court of Elizabeth, the revel of Villiers, all pass before his view with equal brilliancy and motion; while the prime personages are accompanied by a train of inferior attendants, made out with the same beautiful accuracy, and animated by the same spirit of life and reality, which stir and thrill their leaders. The dim expanse of ages is thus illumined by the various array of a gallant and triumphant throng, winding on from beneath the porch of Abbotsford, through palace and wilderness, ruined minster and merry hostel, and leaving behind them a thousand glad remembrances, even when gilded spur, and sparkling carcanet, have faded from before us into mist.

Yet there is, in all his writings, the evidence of this main defect; he knows what is, but not how or why it is so. He has seen the outward, but he has not connected it with that which is within. He has looked at the conduct, and listened to the speech, of men; but he has not understood from what kind of central

source their deeds and words are drawn. He seems to have no fondness for referring things to their origin; and instead of considering men's actions as worth observation, only in so much as they illustrate the essential character of the being from which they spring, he has treated them as if they had in themselves a definite and positive value, modified, in the hands of the poet and the novelist, by nothing but the necessity of exciting interest and giving pleasure. It is not that he has no systematic theory of human nature, for if he had, he would to an absolute certainty, be in error. But he does not appear to believe that there is any human nature at all, or that man is aught more than a means to certain external results, the which when he has described, he has done his task and fulfilled his ministry. There is incomparably more freedom and truth in his picture of our species, than in the books of any of the systematic speculators, Locke, for instance, or Helvetius; because he has seen the inexhaustible varieties of our doings, and has exhibited them fairly and sincerely, while such writers as those to whom we allude, have assumed some one small base, and attempted to rear upon it a fabric which, restricted and low as it is, is yet infinitely too wide and lofty for the narrowness of the foundation. But *his* idea of man is meagre and wretched, compared to that of the philosophers who have contemplated the mind, instead of measuring the footsteps; who have not sought to number the hairs upon our heads, but have dealt, as it were, with the very elements of our creation. This defect shows itself very strongly in every part of his works, where he attempts to cope alone with the thoughts of any of his personages. In his dialogues, he in some degree gets over the difficulty, by repartees, passion, and mimicry of the language of the time; but, in soliloquies, how barren and incomplete appears to be his psychology! and compare these, or even the best parts of the conver-

sations, with a scene of Shakspeare, and the difference may at once be perceived between writers, the one of whom knows nothing but phenomena, while the other, with to the full as much of individual observation, was also imbued with the largest abundance that any man ever had of universal truth. There is scarce a page of Shakspeare that does not present us with the deepest and finest moral meditations, and with a living image of those thoughts which occupy men's minds, when they reflect upon their own nature, and attempt to overleap the bounds of the present and the actual. There is rarely any thing in Scott that pretends to this, the highest of all merit; we doubt if there are a dozen attempts at reflection in his voluminous works; and the standard of good which he exhibits, in so far as it differs from the merest worldliness, is only raised above it by something more than usual of a certain shrewd good-humour.

Exactly similar observations hold good with regard to his treatment of things inanimate. He sees neither in the world, nor in human works, any thing more than so much positive existence, more beautiful or more uninteresting, larger or smaller, as the case may be, but always something to be looked at solely for itself. And herein he would be perfectly right, if men had no faculty except that which has beauty for its object. There is doubtless a pleasure and a good in the contemplation of those things which are in conformity with the original idea of the beautiful in our minds; but there is also a nobler good in viewing all things around us, not merely by this one faculty, but as manifestations of still higher principles, and in connection with moral and religious truth. Even as ends in themselves, almost all the objects around us have their beauty; but it is as forms and symptoms of superior and invisible powers, that it is most truly useful to regard them. Nor is it necessary to put forward broadly the intention of a writer on this

point; but if he has the feeling and the law within himself, their influence will be seen in every line he writes; just as in speaking of a picture, we need not explain the construction of the eye, or the science of optics, though it will be obvious that we could not have thought one word about the matter without possessing the faculty of sight. It is from the want of this habit of mind, that Sir Walter Scott's descriptions of scenery are in general so completely separate parts of his works; they stand out from the rest of the narrative, instead of being introduced casually, indicated by an occasional expression, or shown as the drapery of the thoughts.

Besides his mode of dealing with the results of his observations of men and nature, we mentioned, as connected with it, his way of regarding history; and this is certainly no less striking than the points we have just been treating of. If the narrative of past events exhibits them to us as naked facts, it does nothing; if it presents them with their immediate causes and consequences in the minds of the actors, it does much, and what few histories have done; if it displays them justly as exponents of principles, and results of the great scheme for the education of mankind, it does all that it can do. The knowledge of an occurrence is of no value whatsoever in itself. The most spirited description of it, which merely lets us know the dresses of the chief personages, how this man looked, and what that man ate, and tells us whether a sovereign died on a bed or a battle-field, gives us knowledge of nothing comparatively worth knowing. The points which deserve to be examined, are those which make manifest the feelings of the persons concerned, the spirit of the times, the great designs that were at work, and were spreading to embrace ages in their circuit, the peculiarities and progress of national character; in short, what the mind of the world was, and what means were operating to improve it. The events them-

selves are of interest only as exhibiting human motives, either in the individual or the mass, and thereby opening to us some new recesses of the soul, containing perhaps powers of which we were previously unconscious, like titles to wealth, or symbols of empire, discovered in some dark and long-forgotten chamber. Yet, in reading history, it is not upon such matters as these that Sir Walter Scott has turned his attention, but to the mere external changes and salient occurrences, to triumphs or tournaments, battles or hunting matches, to whatever can be converted into a picture, or emblazoned in a show. He has not read the annals of the earth as they ought to be studied; but he would probably not be nearly so popular a writer if he had. As it is, he has filled his mind with all that is most stirring and gorgeous in the chronicles of Europe, superstitions the more impressive because forgotten, brilliant assemblages of kings, and barons, hard-fought battles, and weary pilgrimages, characters the most desperately predominating, and events the most terrible or fantastic. Of these he has made a long phantasmagoria, the most exciting and beautiful spectacle of our day; and who can wonder or complain, if he, who delights mankind with so glorious a pageant, is held by almost general consent to be the greatest of modern authors.

The tendency, which we have now dwelt upon at some length, to look at humanity and nature in their outward manifestations, instead of seizing them in their inward being, has decided in what class Sir Walter Scott must be placed with reference to the moral influence he exercises. He would commonly be called one of the most moral of writers; for he always speaks of religion with respect, and never depraves his writings by indecency. But ethics and religion would be the least important of studies, and the human mind the simplest object in the creation, if nothing more than this were needful to constitute a moral writer. How-

ever, it is not so. He, and he alone, is a moral author, whose works have the effect of flinging men back upon themselves; of forcing them to look within for the higher principles of their existence; of teaching them that the only happiness, and the only virtue, are to be found by submitting themselves uniformly to the dictates of duty, and by aiming and struggling always towards a better state of being than that which ourselves, or those around us, have hitherto attained. Sir Walter Scott has observed men's conduct instead of his own mind. He has presented to us a fair average of that conduct: but he knows nothing of the hidden powers which, if strenuously and generally called forth, will leave his books a transcript of the world, as erroneous as they are now accurate and honest. He has, therefore, no influence whatever in making men aim at improvement. He shows us what is, and that, Heaven knows, is discouraging enough; but he does not show us what we have the means of being, or he would teach us a lesson of hope, comfort, and invigoration.

"It is our will
Which thus enchains us to permitted ill.
We might be otherwise; we might be all
We dream of—happy, high, majestic.
Where is the love, beauty, and truth we seek,
But in our minds? and if we were not weak,
Should we be less in deed than in desire?"

Those who try may find
How strong the chains are which our spirit
bind,

Brittle, perchance, as straw. We are assured
Much may be conquered, much may be endured,
Of what degrades and crushes us. We know
That we have power over ourselves to do
And suffer—*what*, we know not till we try;
But something nobler than to live and die:
So taught the kings of old philosophy.

And those who suffer with their suffering kind,
Yet feel this faith religion."

Though, therefore, it would be an insane malignity to call him individually an immoral writer, as he has always recognized the distinction between right and wrong, and never knowingly inculcated evil; yet it would be folly to pretend that he produces much moral effect upon the world, as his works do scarcely any

thing towards making men wiser or better.

The most obvious ground, on which to fix his claim of a strong and beneficial influence over men, is the general and good-humoured benevolence apparent in his writings. In an age of so much affected misanthropy and real selfishness, this is, doubtless, a high merit, and it is one which, in the works of Sir Walter Scott, does not carry with it the slightest symptom of pretence or even of exaggeration. We feel, at once, that we are in presence of a man of free and open heart, disposed to laugh at every man's jest, treat every man's foibles with gentleness, and spread over the path of life as much as possible of manly generosity. It would be difficult not to feel, after reading his books, that peevishness and envy are bad and foolish propensities, that earth yields better fruits than scorn and hatred, and above all, that there is nothing impressive in diseased melancholy—nothing sublime in assumed misery. His mind is evidently of the very healthiest and most genial sort that society will admit, without avenging itself, by calumny and oppression, for a superiority which reproaches its own viciousness. But it should be borne in recollection, that, excellent in themselves as are such qualities, and unalloyed, as they probably are, in Sir Walter Scott, a very considerable share of them is perfectly compatible with that kind of feeling which confines itself entirely within the boundaries of our personal connections; and, though it would give up the most delicate morsel to another at the same dinner-table, would not sacrifice a farthing to do good to a kingdom or a continent. A similar character to that displayed in the writings of Sir Walter Scott, is the result, in many cases, of mere temperament and circumstance; though we perfectly believe that it exists, in his own breast, in its purest and most meritorious *avatar*. The benevolence that spends itself upon whatever may be brought by

chance within its view, is an infinitely more agreeable quality than mere selfishness, but one that is very little likely to do any more good to mankind. We see it constantly around us, exerting itself towards every particular object it happens to stumble on; and yet perfectly indifferent and cold to the greater general designs, which would do good an hundred times as extensive, and a thousand times as certain.

We have spoken of the mode in which he looks at men, at nature, and at history; and attempted to show how one great defect accompanies him in each. We have also said something of his claims to be considered as a moral writer; but connected more or less with all these subjects, there is another on which we have not hitherto touched, the necessary influence, namely, of the whole class of composition for which Sir Walter Scott is distinguished: and in speaking of the great bulk of his writings, as forming a class, we include both verse and prose, for the character of his rhymed and of his unmetrical romances is essentially the same. The great classes into which fiction may be divided are made up of those that please chiefly by the exhibition of the human mind, and those that please chiefly by the display of incident and situation. The former are the domain of the mightier teachers of mankind; the kingdom of Homer, of Cervantes, of Shakspeare, of Milton, and of Schiller,—a realm allied, indeed, to this world, and open to the access of men, but pure from our infirmities, and far raised above the stir of our evil passions,—a sphere with which the earth is connected, and moves in accordance, but which, like to the sun itself, only shines upon the world to be its illumination and its law. Here is the true and serene empire of man's glory and greatness; and from this sanctuary issue the eternal oracles of consolation, which tell us to how free and sublime a destiny the human soul may lift itself. But the other class of writers, who find their

resources in every thing that can create an interest, however transitory and vulgar, who describe scenes merely for the purpose of describing them, and heap together circumstances that shall have a value in themselves, quite independently of the characters of those whom they act upon;—it is the doom of such men to compound melo-dramas, and the prize of their high calling to produce excitement without thought; and to relieve from listlessness, without rousing to exertion. To neither of these does Sir Walter Scott exclusively belong. That he is not one of the latter order of authors, witness much of 'Old Mortality,' of 'The Antiquary,' of 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' and 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian'; and yet, unhappily, the larger proportion of his works would seem to separate him entirely from the former; and, on the whole, he has ministered to the diseased craving for mere amusement, so strikingly characteristic of an age in which men read as a relaxation from the nobler and more serious employments of shooting wild-fowl or adding together figures.

These are some, and, we think, the chief of his errors as a writer of fiction. He has given us one work of graver pretension, the latest and the largest of his writings. But he seems to have so little idea of the essential difference between history and romance; not with regard to their comparative truth, but to their different purport, that it may well be pronounced the longest and most tedious of his novels. As to the question of mere fact accuracy, we believe he has not made quite so many mistakes as are commonly charged upon him. After the account of the Revolution, which is, in every way, contemptible, his narrative is tolerably fair and faithful. But it is not to this we look: the 'Life of Napoleon' is the history of Europe, in the most important era it has undergone since the Reformation. It is, in the first place, the biography of a man who, in the most extraordinary cir-

cumstances, established the most wonderful empire that ever existed upon earth; who, though himself no philosopher, outwitted all the speculators of his time; who, though utterly and uniformly selfish, was sometimes more beloved, and always more admired, than any of his contemporaries; who, born in Corsican obscurity, lived to enter in triumph, Milan, Madrid, Berlin, Vienna, and Moscow, to play the sovereign over France, Italy, and Germany, to reconquer Paris from its dynasty of ages, and die a captive, in the prime of existence, on a rocky islet in a distant ocean. Such was Napoleon Bonaparte in his merely personal character; but feeble as is Sir Walter Scott's portrait of the man, how wretchedly and despicably insufficient in his account of the times! The close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, was the period appointed for one of those sudden and violent overthrows of old institutions, which, whether the forms be re-established or not, must leave them tottering and inanimate, which so break the ancient supports of habit and authority, that the mere expansion of the human mind will suffice finally to destroy the superstructure. They formed one of the marked epochs of the world; a going forth of the destroyer to prepare the way for a ministry of good. The relics of other centuries were stumbling-blocks and contrasts in our path, like the antique lances and rusted hemlets which grate against the plough-share of the peasant, and, like him, we flung them forth from the furrows which were sown with no ignoble seed, and were to produce no scanty harvest. But what did Sir Walter Scott discover in these things? He saw nothing but an illustration of the evils of popular resistance, of the perfections of the British Constitution, of the propriety of again subdu-

ing the continent to aristocracies and despotisms; and above all, he seems never for a moment to imagine that the French Revolution was merely one of those shadows on the dial-plate of history which follow and measure, but cannot in themselves influence, the great onward movement of the human mind.

Sir Walter Scott must never again write history. He not merely knows nothing of the theory of historical composition, but he feels none of the majestic and far-seeing spirit to which alone is committed the power of unrolling the records of past centuries. He may enter into the sepulchres of buried generations, he may burst the coffins, he may breathe a new life into the bones; but he cannot decypher the hieroglyphics which would tell us how they thought; much less can he so withdraw himself from the petty influences of the present, as to transmit to future times a clear picture of that which it really contains of precious and permanent. But we trust that many years may pass before he himself becomes the property of the historian; before we shall be permitted to measure the influence of his works, and the stature of his intellect, without incurring suspicion and calumny; before men will be allowed to say what we have said, and escape the charge of envying greatness because we ourselves are little, and of underrating the genius with which we cannot sympathize. Till time and death have secured to all men this privilege, none can hope more sincerely than ourselves that he will continue to vary the dull track of ordinary existence with his gay and glittering creations; and that if he does not defy criticism by perfection, he will at least persevere, as he always has done, to disarm it of its sting, by the unaffected sincerity and genial kindness of his nature.

THE CALM SEA.

THE gentle breeze that curl'd the sea had slowly died away,
And stretch'd in glassy stillness now, the wide blue waters lay,
The sea-bird's cry was heard no more, and soft as infant's sleep
Was the holy calm that lay upon the bosom of the deep.

But yesterday the storm had raged, and shook the mighty ocean,
That dash'd aloft its foamy waves, and heaved in wild commotion ;
To-day you might have thought no storm had ever touch'd its breast,
As it lay a mighty emblem of mild majesty and rest.

Is there such calm for mortal breasts when storms have once been there,
When passion wild has swept along, and heart corroding care ?
When guilt has once disturb'd the soul, and mark'd it with its stain,
Can tranquil softness of the heart be ever ours again ?

Yes—but it is not of this world, the peace that must be sought,
And with the soul's repentant tears it can alone be bought ;
Then, "as it meekly bows to kiss affliction's chastening rod,
The broken and the contrite heart shall feel the peace of God.

THE GLOW-WORM.

ON ! gaze on yon Glow-worm—though pale be its light,
Though faintly it shines through the darkness of night,
Its glimmering taper an emblem may be
Of the truth of my quiet affection for thee.

When Fortune and Fame brightly shone on thy way,
And crowds of gay flatterers bask'd in the ray,
I loved, but resolv'd in seclusion to hide
A love unbecoming the morn of thy pride.

But when Sorrow assail'd thee, when friends were unkind,
And the meteor-like blaze of thy fortunes declined,
My faith, like the Glow-worm, imparted its spark,
And smiled on a path-way deserted and dark.

Oh ! thousands have offer'd a flame at thy shrine,
More sparkling, more ardent, more burning than mine ;
But remember, it shone when thy sky was o'ercast,
And will shine on through sadness and gloom to the last.

"FORGET-ME-NOT."

FORGET thee ?—then hath Beauty lost her charms
To captivate, and Tenderness grown cold,
As the perennial snows of mountains old ;
And Hope forsook her throne, and Love his arms.
At morn thou art mine earliest thought, at night
Sweet dreams of thee across my soul are driven.
Almost thou comest between my heart and heaven,
With thy rich voice, and floating eyes of light.—
Forget thee ? Hast thou then a doubt of me,
To whom thou art like sunshine to the spring ?
Forget thee ?—Never ! Let the April tree
Forget to bud—Autumn ripe fruits to bring—
The clouds to fertilize—the birds to sing—
But never while it beats, this bosom thee !

A SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

"Every path has its flower, if we would but stoop to pull it."

TO most human beings, the title of this article suggests the ideas of pain and horror. These unpleasant associations are of two kinds—physical and mental; and they sometimes come singly, and sometimes together. Inability to sleep is so often occasioned by a diseased state of the body, by the racking of decided and defined pain, or that more dreadful affliction which is occasioned by a deranged state of the digestive organs—where all is wrong, and the unhappy sufferer can neither name nor alleviate that which tortures him—that these modifications of restlessness, or rather peculiar cases of it, being those which have the most powerful effect upon the mind, become the attributes upon which the definition of it is founded, and thus throw their gloom over the whole.

The circumstances, and also the sense which, by the oblivion of the others, then becomes painfully delicate, conduce not a little to this effect. The darkness, the desolation, the feeling of utter helplessness, to a human being laid in a recumbent posture, and uncertain who may come upon him, or for what purpose—the silence, and the intense acuteness of the ear, to which the booming of the wind through the trees is "as the sound of many waters," the rush of an overwhelming flood, the slap of a door or a shutter, are as the peal of thunder, and the slow and measured clicking of the clock, echoing through the stilly passages as the tread of an armed man, the foot-falling of a plunderer or assassin;—these, and many other circumstances which belong to the state itself, and which, though they belong not to, may be modified by, the constitution and present condition of the person who is in it, tend to produce a disquietude which it is difficult to resist.

Gloomy things too, both of simple and of superstitious fear, come across

one; and though we arm ourselves against the latter, with all the force of our philosophy, we cannot entirely prevent ourselves from thinking with Hamlet, that there are, shrouded up in the black mantle of the night, things of which that philosophy is afraid to dream.

Even the most simple kind of inability to sleep—that which springs from no disease of the body or disquietude of the mind, but is the listlessness of the idle—that resistance of repose which one feels when the bodily or the mental exercise that alone can render repose sweet has been neglected, is by no means pleasant. This listlessness can happen only to one whose mental powers are weak or uncultivated, or have been neglected for the time; and where the deeper powers, those with which listlessness cannot associate, are not roused, irritation is sure to be active—just as water, which is too shallow for the swell and majesty of a wave, vexes itself in ripple and spray. This irritation, like an unbred cur, drives away the game which it is directed to seize; and, finding it worse than useless, we have recourse to those expedients which are supposed to gag the attention, without awakening either the reason or the imagination.

We repeat the numbers or the letters of the alphabet to the slow and dropping cadence of a dead march; or, better still, if we have accustomed ourselves to the task, we make rhymes, or perform operations in arithmetic or algebra. Sometimes these succeed; but very often when we are just at the point of success, and that at which we had been fagging is sliding away from us, the raw material of a dream, that loosening of the fancy which often precedes sleep, creeps into the field of our observation, coming, we know not whence, and composed of we

know not what. As is so beautifully expressed by Eliphaz the Temanite—"a vision is before our face, but we cannot discern the form thereof;" we start, the effect of our labour is gone, and we are as much awake as ever. So struggle we out the weary hours, till the blue light and increasing cold of the dawn throw us into a broken and unsatisfactory slumber, full of dreams of mental terror and worldly disappointment, from which we at last awake, wearied rather than refreshed.

Even this is painful and perplexing enough; but it is nothing compared with the suffering of those who are under the infliction of that undefinable malady, which pains all the mind without piercing any part of the body. It is no mitigation of the anguish, though it should be a caveat against it, to say that it is generally the wages of dissipation, of sensual dissipation in many, of mental dissipation in more, and of the two combined in not a few. The anguish is not the less severe that the feeling of it may be dashed with the idea that it might have been avoided; and not the least vexatious part of the case is, that it falls heaviest upon those who have the most merit; is the affliction, not of the sot, but of the man of sensibility; and indeed, as it is a mental affliction, it cannot exist but where there is mind, and the depth and delicacy of that mind are the measures of its morbidity.

To such a one, the head is no sooner laid on the pillow, than the "spectre things" are around it. There is no need of slumber to make us dream, or of straining of the invention to find the terrific. The wildest conceits of those sons of the brush, who torture nature and their own imaginations, and combine the most incongruous productions of this world with the most grotesque conceptions of fancy in order to learn the likenesses of the beings of another—the most magic productions of phantasmagoria, and of those illusions of vision, which the science of Optics has at once disclos-

ed and explained—all that nature, in her "march of monstrosity," can produce, or that the most fervid and whimsical fancy can create, waking, and with the light of day,—are nothing to those marvellous things that come to the couch of the hypochondriac unbidden, and in the dark. Imagine the whole of the living things, on the earth, in the waters, or in the air, to be hewed into shreds, without being in the least deprived of their vitality, and that these shreds are reeling like leaves and dust in a whirlwind, and constantly changing their forms, their magnitudes, and their combinations, and you have some faint, but very faint, representation of the armies that invade the sleepless couch of this unhappy person. If he could contemplate them as a mere spectator, and with calmness, he might, odd and out of nature as they are, derive some pleasure from the contemplation; but they move *at* him and not *past* him. Sometimes they come rolling in heaps; and he starts and shudders at the idea of being buried under a spiritual avalanche; at other times, there opens a vista into the palpable gloom, at the end of which a moving thing makes its appearance. At first, it is small and distant; but it approaches and enlarges, and changes from deformity to deformity, every instant. Now it is a thing with horns and claws—anon it is a face of the most distorted features, and the most wild and irregular expression—then it passes into a single feature, as an eye which, with nothing but darkness for its socket, fills up half the horizon—and again it is that chaos, which gives the feeling of dissolution; and just as the forehead becomes moist with cold drops, and the horror of annihilation is begun, the tormentor changes to a new monster, or vanishes in thick darkness.

If the latter should be the alternative—and over that the victim has no controul—it is an escape, no doubt, but it is not an escape from misery. Reality comes in the room of fiction, and the fevered imagination runs

over all the events, and occurrences, and relations of life, consuming merit, routing out pleasure, and extinguishing hope. The sufferer resembles a mariner, awakening to recollection on the top of a foam-surrounded rock, to which he has been tossed by the power of the billow ;—he is hemmed in, and all around is wreck and desolation ;—the present is nothing, and, to him, there are no bright points in the past or the future ; Conscience stands over the former with whips, and Despair over the latter with scorpions ; in the path which he has travelled, he sees his own foot-prints in all the dark and difficult by-ways, while, at every turning, the clear and broad and pleasant way opens for a little, glowing with beauty, and gay with gladness, to the hand that he did not take. To all his friends, he feels that he has been an ingrate, and they appear to have been the same to him ; all that has been done seems wrong, and all that is projected useless ;—backward there is no consolation, and forward there is no hope ;—he feels that he had better not have been, and wishes—and resolves not to be.

If the strength of the constitution can so “wrestle with the fiend,” as that one hour or two of such sleep as one in this mood of mind is capable of, can be obtained, the phantoms may vanish, the facts may recover from their distortion, and the sufferer may wake again to a world worth the having ; but the exhaustion is great, and if the visitations be frequent, they consume the body and wear out the mind. But should that not be the case,—should the torment last out the night, and the spectres not quit the pillow till the patient gets out of bed, the agony continues ;—nor is there any doubt that many of those melancholy “leaps out of life,” which are generally supposed to come from an overflowing of passion, and which the *Dracos* of the dark ages construed into crimes, and made the subjects of punishment—to the poor cold clay ! are the results of the agony of that sleepless night which is

produced by indigestion, often recurring, and unannealed by slumber.

All that has been here described, and much more which no words can depict, has been felt, in countless instances, by those who were both *well* and *good* in the world,—who had no misfortunes to bar, and no “twitches of the worm” to embitter their pleasures ;—but to whom the cup of enjoyment was full, and the moral appetite uncorrupted. When, however, the agony of real guilt mingles with the anguish of the disordered frame,—when “the arrow of the Almighty is within,” and “the poison thereof drinketh up the spirit,” the uttermost bourne of human woe is touched—there is a torment of which no man, even of ordinary immorality, can guess the depth ; and one moment of which is dearly purchased by all the fruits of the most extensive and successful villany that ever was perpetrated.

But this darkness and desolation, which annoy the restless, turn disease into gall, and crime into final retribution, may be, and often are, the sources of profit and pleasure. If there be no anxiety for sleep to irritate, no superstitious fear to alarm, no derangement of the system to agonize, and no guilt in the mind to torture, then the sleepless night may become a source of more exquisite intellectual enjoyment than the best selected library, or even the choicest pages in the volume of nature herself.

In those creations, elaborations, or workings, whether in the sciences, literature, the inventive part of the arts, or the arrangements of the business of life, in which the materials are all in the mind itself, and where there needs no reference to external things, the silence, the solitude, and the abstraction of the chamber, offer facilities and securities which cannot be obtained during the day ; and if recollection will but bring the materials, and remembrance preserve the work, a man may really do more for the furtherance of any purpose that requires thought, in a few quiet hours in bed, than in double the number of

bustling days. During the day, you cannot shut out the world; and though you could, you would not then be secure against the interruption of your own senses. Hearing, smell, the taste, and the touch, you may controul,—they are passive, as it were, and do not go out after their objects, but wait till these objects come to them. The eye, however, is an active and a wayward thing,—it will look in spite of you, and in spite of you it will sometimes make you abandon your own object, and attend to that which it has selected. It is true that a well-disciplined eye can never seduce us from the *action* which we are performing, and on the progress and completion of which we are bent; but as we have no material controul over our *thoughts*—cannot hold them with our fingers, or run after them with our feet—no training of the eye can give us so much command of it as to prevent it from at times stealing us from the current of our thoughts.

But the temptations of our senses—of the eye in a peculiar and pre-eminent manner and degree, are not the only enemies of continued thought to which we are exposed during the day,—they are found in every person or thing in which we have any interest or concern. One may have issued the usual and justifiable equivocal, by which the harshness of a blunt denial is taken off, “not at home to any body;” the jingle may have come to the bell, or the rat-tat-tat to the knocker, as it happened; and the voice, though second-hand through the medium of either of these instruments, may be that of “the dearest friend we have.” We half open the door, in order that we may certify ourself by the sound of his real voice. “Not at home, Sir.” “Not at home!” reiterates that mournful tone, which comes for pleasure but finds disappointment; and we cannot resist peeping out by the side of the window blind, to see how it is borne. The very first object we see is the face of “the dearest friend that we have,” looking full upon us, with that strange mix-

ture of supplication and pity, and reproof and laughter, which so few have the power of resisting. Cogitation is thrown to the dogs. “Life let us cherish;” and farewell to our plans for the day, and to the same train of thought for ever. Should the resolution be able to resist this, and we allow our friend to go, half the mind goes after him, and pulls the resisting half with a force so equal to the resistance, that we are unable to think, and, in all probability, go in quest of him to whom we have been denied.

Even if no friend should break in for the generous purpose of driving away the “blue devils”—to make room for “the black,” day may be still fraught with annoyance. The soft voice, or the other voice, of your wife—if you happen to have one—the prattle on the part of your children,—the horrible news or accidents,—the music of the knife-grinder or the hurdy-gurdy,—a hundred things which you know, and a hundred others that you dream not of, may, each singly, or in all their combinations, drive you from your purpose; and render it utterly impossible for you to say when you rise in the morning, and verify the saying when you retire to bed, “to day, I shall think or plan, thus, or thus.”

In the night, it is far otherwise; for, if you be safe from the music of cats and noses, the rattling of boards, and that hellish monster of the night—an unopened door turning at its leisure upon its hinges, and returning upon the same, at those slow intervals, whose very slowness makes you hope that each is the last, and thus keeps you in constant suspense between “rise and shut,” and “lie still,”—if you escape these, the total absence of bodily exertion, the embargo which darkness lays on the eye, the silence, the solitude, all combine to open largely the flood-gates of thought, and pours upon the memory a tide of invention, than the arrangement of which the mind can feel no higher, and taste no sweeter pleasure. Nor is it to be prized on-

ly for its positive good, but also for the evil that it prevents. Whether continuous thought can be an opiate to the pain of compunction, I will not take upon me to say; but I know, from my own experience, that where it is, restlessness will not come at all, and the blue devils of indigestion are very shy about entering. Therefore, every one should cultivate the powers of nocturnal thought and invention. It is a habit; like all habits, it may be acquired; when once acquired, we need never be idle either by night or by day, and those portions of the night which are pain to the idle, may be rendered the most valuable portions of life,—because never else have we the same constraint over our minds, and the same security against inroads from without.

If we sleep afterwards, it may be

that that which we have thought or invented may not be fresh in the memory, or may not, at the time of our awakening, be in the memory at all. That, however, is a matter of minor importance. When once a subject has been elaborated in thought, we never lose it. The storehouse of the mind is safe against both rot and robbers; and whatever we have trusted there is sure to be found when external circumstances render it necessary. Even when we have not the purpose and the connexion, that of which we thought in the silent hours before we slept, comes back to us through the mist of oblivion and dreams, with all the interest, and hallowed by all the charms of the history of that which ages ago had ceased to exist, and of which the pleasure is now wholly intellectual.

CROSSING THE LINE.

"**T**HERE it is at last," said the midshipman of the watch to a young Irish cadet, who was standing near him on the poop of an outward-bound East Indiaman: "there it is at last."—"What is it?" asked the young soldier. "The line, to be sure—the equinoctial line, which we have all been so anxiously looking out for." "Ah, now—sure you don't *mane* to persuade me that you can see it?" "Take my glass then, and look out yonder, about a point on the lee-bow, and persuade *yourself* whether you can see it or not." The young Irishman had no sooner put his eye to the tube, than he exclaimed, "Sure and there is a line yonder; I do not see it without the glass, but it cannot be very far off." "No, it is not very far off," said the Mid, laughing heartily; "it is all in your eye, Pat. Do you remember the story of the fly on the clergyman's spectacles? Look at the glass."—On examination Pat found a *hair* sticking horizontal-

ly across the lower lens of the telescope which had been fixed there by the mischievous Mid.

The sun was just setting—the clouds were tinged with all the gorgeous hues of a tropical sky, assuming every variety of strange and grotesque appearances, and the water reflected back the image of the heavens, if possible, with increased splendour. As far as the eye could reach, nothing was visible but the glassy, undulating surface of the sea, tremulously rippled here and there under the partial influence of the *cat's paws*,* which played over it. The ship was gliding slowly over the smooth expanse of water—her large sails flapping heavily against the masts as the sea rose and fell, and her smaller canvass just swelling with the breeze, and lending its feeble aid to urge her onwards. Groups of passengers were lounging up and down the quarter-deck and poop, or leaning over the hammock nettings,

* Light and fitful airs.

admiring the beauties of the evening, while the ship's musicians were doing all in their power to murder time and harmony for their amusement. The seamen were in high glee, for the quarter-master had heard the officer of the forenoon watch report the latitude at noon to the Captain 20' N.; and they knew that Neptune would soon make his appearance. Just as the increasing dusk of evening began to render objects indistinct and obscure, the *look-out* on the fore-castle called out, "A light right ahead, Sir!" "Very well, my boy; keep your eye upon it, and let me know if we near it," said the officer of the deck. In a short time the man exclaimed, "The light is close aboard of us, Sir;" and immediately a loud confused roaring noise was heard, and a Stentorian voice bawled out, "Ho! the ship ahoy!" "Hollo!" said the officer. "What ship is that?" "The Heavtree." "What! my old friend Captain Blowhard? He is welcome back again. Tell him his old friend Neptune means to pay him a visit to-morrow at 10 o'clock, and hopes he will warn his children to have their chins in readiness for his razor. Good night." "Good night."—"Won't you go *forward* and see Neptune's car," said the young Mid, to our friend Pat; it is worth your while to look at the old boy whisking along at the tail of half a score of dolphins, with a poop-light, as big as the full moon, blazing over his stern: you can see him quite plain from the fore-castle." "Sure, I'll go see the fun whatever it is," said Pat, and off they ran, followed by about a dozen of the poop loungers,—the reefer suddenly disappearing under the galley-deck, while the cads rushed upon the fore-castle, where they had hardly effected a safe landing, when splash—splash—splash—bucket after bucket of water came thundering down upon their heads from the foretop; and loud shouts of laughter from all parts of the ship indicated the general joy at witnessing the astonishment and discomfiture of the *gulpins*. In the meantime, Neptune's

car, in the shape of a lighted tar-barrel, went slowly astern, casting an unsteady flickering light on the sails and rigging as it passed and was seen floating in the ship's *wake*, till its dwindling flame disappeared in the distance, like a star sinking beneath the horizon.

The *character* of the scene was completely altered since the final disappearance of the sun below the horizon. A brilliant moon shone clearly in a bright and cloudless sky, her bright beams riding on a path of liquid silver over the sea, while the gigantic shadow of the ship seemed to be skimming its way through the myriads of glittering stars, reflected from the thickly-studded heaven.

No sooner were the decks washed in the morning, than the "active note of preparation" was heard among the eager sailors, who had been for weeks anticipating the pleasures of that day. The jolly-boat was taken down from the *booms*, and placed at the gangway; all the pumps in the ship were set in motion, the *scuppers* choked to prevent the escape of the water, and in a very short time the whole deck was afloat; while the jolly-boat, full to the gunwale, was ready to answer the purpose of a comfortable bathing-tub, and a party-coloured pole erected over it, with a sign purporting that this was Neptune's easy shaving-shop. A screen was drawn across the fore-part of the *waist*, to conceal the operations of the actors in the approaching ceremony. All was bustle and animation: the carpenter's gang converting an old gun-carriage into a triumphal car; he gunner preparing flags for its decoration; his mate busy with his paint-brush bedaubing the tars who were to act as sea-horses; and the charioteer preparing and putting on Neptune's livery. At length all was ready for the reception of the king of the sea.

"On deck there!" cried the man at the mast-head. "Hollo," replied the officer of the watch. "A strange sail in sight, right ahead, Sir." "Very well, my boy, can you make

out what she is?" "She looks like a boat, Sir." The officer made his report to the Captain, who desired to be informed when the boat was near the ship. Among the apparently joyous group on the poop, many a white cheek was now seen to belie the loud laughter of its owner. "We are nearing the boat fast, Sir!"—and the Captain made his appearance on deck to reconnoitre the approaching stranger. "Ho! the ship ahoy!" cried a loud voice ahead: "lay your maintopsail to the mast, and give us a rope for the boat." "Fore-castle there! A rope for the boat. Let go the main-top-bowline! After-guard! square away the mainyard!" bawled the officer of the deck, repeating the Captain's orders.

A bugle note was now heard, and Neptune made his appearance over the ship's bows. He was dressed in sheep-skins, with a flaxen beard descending to his waist, and a trident in his hand, with a fine fish sticking on the prongs. After he had descended into the *waist*, the screen we have before mentioned was withdrawn, and the procession moved on. First came the ship's band, fantastically dressed for the occasion, and playing "Rule Britannia," with might and main; next followed the triumphal car, decorated with various coloured flags, in which were seated Neptune, Amphitrite, and Triton; and immediately in the rear followed the *suite*, consisting of the barber, doctor, scribe, and about a dozen party-coloured demi-gods acting as water bailiffs. Previous to the outset of the procession, all those unfortunates who had never crossed the line, were driven below; the *gratings* were laid on fore and aft, and sentries stationed at the hatch-ways to prevent an escape. On came the pageant: Neptune looked as majestic as his trident and sheep-skins could make him; Amphitrite, with the assistance of a little red paint, and *oakum* locks, and arrayed in the cast-off robes of some of the lady passengers, was a passable representation of a *she-monster*;—the barber

brandished his razors,—the scribe displayed his *list*, and looked vastly knowing, with his three-cornered hat, *floured* wig, pen behind his ear, and ink-horn dangling at his button-hole; the horses pranced as uncouthly, and looked as unlike sea-horses, as possible; and the coachman, proud of his livery and shoulder-knots, cracked his whip, and contrived, by dint of *singing out* "hard a-port" to his horses, to *weather* the after hatch-way, and then *bear up* round the *capstan*, where, with a graceful "pull up" of the reins, very much like "a strong pull at the mainbrace," and an "avast there" to his obedient cattle, he stopped the car.

The Captain was waiting under the poop awning to receive Mr. Neptune, and an interesting conversation commenced, too long to be inserted here, but which ended in his Majesty's giving the Captain to understand that his long morning ride over the waves had given himself and his lady a vile cold in the stomach; a hint which the Captain's steward perfectly understood, and administered to his wants accordingly. The whole of his suite were immediately seized with the same complaint, and all required the application of the same remedy. Neptune then thrust out his trident to the Captain's steward with a graceful air, as if he meant to impale him, but it was merely for the purpose of presenting the fish on its prongs, as an addition to "his honour, the Captain's dinner." During this interview, the men were all standing near the gang-way armed with buckets of water, wet swabs, &c. and impatient for the commencement of the *fun*. At length the band struck up "Off she goes." "Carry on, you lubbers," said the coachman; crack went the whip, off pranced the horses, and away whirled the car, which no sooner approached the gang-way than the procession was greeted with torrents of water, and his godship was half smothered with his own element. After the first *effusions* of greeting were over, Neptune left his car, and mounted up on

the *booms*, where he sat in regal state to superintend the operations of the day. Beside him was seated the fair Amphitrite; her *dripping white* robes glued to her elephant-like limbs, and her wet *oakum* locks clinging to her cheek, like sea-weed to a weather-beaten rock. The clerk handed to his Majesty a list of his *children*, who were recommended to kind and particular attention. "Saunders McQuake is the first on the list," said Neptune: "bring him up." Away scampered the tritons (or constables,) who were naked to the waist, the upper part of their bodies hideously painted, fantastic-looking caps on their heads, and short painted staves in their hands. The *main hatch grating* was lifted, and up came poor Saunders, with a face as white as the handkerchief which covered his eyes, and shivering with anticipation, shouldered by two tritons. His tormentors seated him on the edge of the jolly-boat at the gangway, and the barber, turning towards Neptune, said "Please your honour, which shall I use?" holding up at the same time three razors, two of which might well have been mistaken for saws of different magnitudes, and the third made of a smooth iron hoop, without any teeth. "Let us hear what he has to say for himself first," said Neptune: "Where do you come from, Saunders?" "From Scot—oh! oh!" cried the poor fellow, as the barber thrust a well-filled tar-brush into his mouth. "How long is it since you left it?—but Saunders had gained experience: he set his teeth, pressed his lips together, and sat a ludicrous picture of fear mixed with desperate resolution. "A close Scot, I see," said Neptune; "give him soap to soften his *phizzog*, and teach him to open his mouth." The barber lathered his patient's cheeks with tar, brandished his

smoothest razor with most becoming grace, and completed the operation without scraping much skin off. The doctor, with his vial of tar-water, and his box of *indescribable* pills, stood by, ready to take advantage of every involuntary gasp of the poor Scotchman. At a given signal, the bandage was taken from his eyes, and he was thrown suddenly backwards, and left floundering in the water till some charitable hand dragged him out. Half drowned, and blind with salt water, he rushed onwards, he knew not where, like a hare before its pursuers, and stumbled over a rope stretched purposely across the deck as a trap for the unwary, and while he lay prostrate he received the contents of all the buckets in the ship on his head. Again he rose—again he ran—and again he fell; but at last, having run the gauntlet through the whole length of the *waist*, he gained the forecabin, seized a bucket, and hastened to console himself for his fright and suffering by inflicting upon another all that he had endured himself.

All the *uninitiated* danced to the same tune as Saunders, with the *barber's variations* of—smooth, rougher, roughest; and it would be tedious, as well as unnecessary, to describe the *course of treatment* pursued by the *doctor* towards each individual patient. When the whole list of the condemned had been gone through, Neptune (now a *watery* god no longer) dived below to take his share of the extra *grog* allowed to the ship's company; the small sails (which had been previously furled) were set by the watch, and a light breeze springing up, as if in honour of Neptune's departure, the Heavitree, with all her canvass spread, began to move slowly and steadily through the water beneath its influence.

SCENE IN A DALECARLIAN MINE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Oh! fondly, fervently, those two had loved;
 Had mingled minds in Love's own perfect trust;
 Had watched bright sunsets, dreamt of blissful years:
 —And thus they met!"

"HASTE, with your torches, haste! make firelight round!"
 —They speed, they press—what hath the miners found?
 Relic or treasure, giant sword of old?
 Gems buried deep, rich veins of burning gold?
 —Not so—the dead, the dead! An awe-struck band,
 In silence gathering round the silent stand,
 Chained by one feeling, hushing e'en their breath,
 Before the thing that, in the night of death,
 Fearful, yet beautiful, amidst them lay—
 A sleeper, dreaming not!—a youth, with hair
 Making a sunny gleam (how sadly fair!)
 O'er his cold brow: no shadow of decay
 Had touched those pale bright features—yet he wore
 A mien of other days, a garb of yore.
 Who could unfold that mystery? From the throng
 A woman wildly broke; her eye was dim,
 As if through many tears, through vigils long,
 Through weary strainings:—all had been for him!
 Those two had loved! And there he lay, the dead,
 In his youth's flower—and she, the living, stood
 With her grey hair, whence hue and gloss had fled—
 And wasted form, and cheek, whose flushing blood
 Had long since ebb'd:—a meeting sad and strange!
 —Oh! are not meetings in this world of change
 Sadder than partings oft? She stood there, still,
 And mute, and gazing, all her soul to fill
 With the loved face once more—the young, fair face,
 'Midst that rude cavern touched with sculpture's grace,
 By torchlight and by death:—until, at last,
 From her deep heart the spirit of the past
 Gush'd in low broken tones:—"And there thou art!
 And thus we meet, that loved, and did but part
 As for a few brief hours!—My friend, my friend!
 First-love, and only one! Is this the end
 Of hope deferred, youth blighted? Yet thy brow
 Still wears its own proud beauty, and thy cheek
 Smiles—how unchanged!—while I, the worn, and weak,
 And faded—oh! thou wouldst but scorn me now,
 If thou couldst look on me!—a withered leaf,
 Seared—though for thy sake—by the blast of grief!
 —Better to see thee thus!—for thou didst go,
 Bearing my image on thy heart, I know,
 Unto the dead. My Ulric! through the night
 How have I called thee!—with the morning light
 How have I watched for thee!—wept, wandered, prayed,
 Met the fierce mountain-tempest, undismayed,
 In search of thee!—bound my worn life to one,
 One torturing hope!—Now let me die!—'tis gone!
 Take thy betrothed!"—And on his breast she fell.
 —Oh! since their youth's last passionate farewell,
 How changed in all but love!—the true, the strong—
 Joining in death whom life had parted long!
 —They had one grave—one lonely bridal bed—
 No friend, no kinsman there a tear to shed!
 His name had ceased—her heart outlived each tie,
 Once more to look on that dead face—and die!

TRAVELLING BY NIGHT.—THE YOUNG SOLDIER'S FURLOUGH. 7

TRAVELLING by night affords a pleasure, which in some degree compensates for the interruption occasioned to observation by darkness and obscurity. The outside of a mail-coach is the best of all situations for the enjoyment of this pleasure; and while journeying rapidly in such a manner through the heart of the midland counties, he must be a strangely insensible creature who is incapable of feeling the changes, which, from the first fresh hour of morning, to the deepest repose of night, are continually occurring. The revelry of noontide, rich and joyous, as if the elements had agreed to club their sweetest influence to heighten it; the tempered warmth, the soberer gladness and beauty of the afternoon hours; and then the eventide, sparkling with something of the morning's brilliancy, and only contrasted with it by the sighing of the night breezes that are heard murmuring among the distant hills; there are few who have not enjoyed watching these progresses of the day, but rare it is that we find any one equally alive to the solemn pomp and language of the night as it passes on from one silent watch to another. Nothing, however, can be finer than the calm and silent manifestations of nature working under its deep shadows, and carrying on the great mystery of being independently of man's intervention or control. As the evening dies away into a cold clear twilight, the huge world seems gathering up itself and settling into repose; then the broad heavy shadows, that lay like a folded up curtain in the valleys, are spread out over hill and plain; the hush of the wide universe becomes deeper and deeper, and the midnight comes in the fulness of its hours, brooding over the earth, like a mighty spirit of embodied time. As this watch of the night wanes away, hour after hour produces some

change in the face of nature, in the floating sounds of the air, the hues of the overhanging clouds, or the forms of the shadows; and we feel that nature is finishing her work of renovation and preparing again to unveil herself. There is a mystery of beauty in these changes of night, that awakens many a sweet and solemn thought; and when aided by any circumstances of individual feeling, produces sensations of the most exquisite kind. In travelling, also, as we have said, the chances of the road are sure to present some object to heighten the feelings thus awakened, and to give the heart a vent for the deepened and hallowed stream of its humanity.

I was once travelling by the mail, through a part of the country, which being only famous as an agricultural district, afforded little to amuse one unacquainted with any of the signs that foretell whether crops will be good or bad. There was, however, among the objects of rural life that it presented, a sufficient degree of simple picturesque beauty to console me for the absence of other and less familiar sights; and as we passed rapidly through little slumbering villages, or by the door of some lonely cottage on the road-side, a variety of pleasing images presented themselves, that my heart seized on as the types of human happiness in its least variable forms. Deep and unbroken was the repose of these quiet spots; not a foot was stirring near them, nor a waking sound to be heard; peace had smoothed the pillow of the peasant, and was now keeping her watch round his habitation.

I had been for some time enjoying such reflections as these, as the changes of the night progressively took place. It was now a little past one in the morning, and I had arrived near the place at which it was necessary for me to leave the mail, and wait for a conveyance to pursue

my route on a different road. The country about here happened to be more thinly inhabited than any of the surrounding districts, and it was only here and there that a cottage was to be seen, and that far off among the fields. I looked forward as well as the dim light of the atmosphere would let me, on each side of the road, but I saw nothing that indicated the presence of a single waking thing. The little quiet hovels that I every now and then saw, were all hushed, and sharing in the same repose as those we had before passed; and I left the vehicle to pursue my path in perfect loneliness.

I had walked for about half a mile down one of those narrow country roads which lead from one village to another, when, at the distance of a field or two, I caught the glimpse of a light glimmering through the unshuttered window of a cottage. I was not displeased at first at finding I had not the whole world to myself, but as I contrasted the appearance of the little dwelling I was looking at, with the deep slumbering peace of the others I had seen, there was something almost unnatural in its look, and a hundred conjectures arose in my mind to account for the watchfulness of its inhabitants. The idea, however, which took strongest hold of me was, that sickness, or perhaps death, had invaded the humble family; and, as I had not been altogether unaccustomed to the cottage fire-side in such seasons as this, and had an hour or two on my hands, I jumped over a stile hard by, and walked up the narrow path-way to the dwelling. As I tapped at the door, I heard the sound of two or three voices speaking in a tone different to that we are used to hear in a sick-room; and when I entered, in answer to the salutation of "come in," I found myself in a snug little kitchen, as light as the day, with the blaze of a fine wood fire, and presenting every appearance of having been the scene of an evening's merry-making.

The cause of my intrusion was

soon told, and some inquiries as to my nearest way, and the time at which the coach passed the place I was walking to, as quickly answered by an invitation to stay at the cottage during the intervening hour or two. I was not backward in accepting the civil and kind offer thus given, and I drew a chair into the rustic circle with no misgivings as to the sincerity of my welcome. I now looked round at the little party of which I had so unexpectedly become a companion. It consisted of the master and mistress of the cottage, two hale ruddy-looking people, whose free and contented hearts had evidently made the toils of life easy; a man and his wife from a neighbouring village, near whom sat a pretty girl, their daughter, whose bright blue eyes, and innocent countenance, fitted her to be the heroine of any rural romance; next to her was a young man in a soldier's dress, the son of my good hosts, and his sister; who, with two or three children that lay sleeping in the chimney corner, made up the entire party.

It was some little time before my new friends felt sufficiently at home with me to resume their discourse, and I therefore addressed myself to the young soldier, from whom I learned the occasion of the present meeting of friends and neighbours, and the reason of the late hour to which they prolonged their stay. It was the last day of his furlough, and as he was about to set off before the first peep of morning, his parents had determined on keeping up the merriment of their cottage till the very moment of his leaving them.

As the kind-hearted friends of the young man began to forget my being a stranger, I had an opportunity of observing the different manner in which their feelings were occupied. The father was as glad at heart as a man could be, at seeing his neighbours looking contented with their cheer, and spoke of his son's departure with such a happy hope of seeing him come back to them safe and well, that he must have been

sadly disposed to melancholy who could have doubted it would certainly be so. The mother and her female neighbour turned themselves to me to inquire about the country to which the young man's regiment was going, and listened to every thing I could remember about it, as if life and death were in my words. The object of all this solicitude was, in the mean time, closely engaged with the fair girl whose pretty form I had observed on entering, and who was obviously his sweetheart; and the sister was silently and busily employing herself in tying up in a handkerchief a variety of little articles which her affection for her brother had induced her to ransack together. As the time, however, for taking leave approached, every individual in the party seemed less inclined to talk, and I even felt myself partaking of the disinclination. Youth and age were before me, sharing in the same common hopes and common dread; suffering from the same sadness of heart that springs from a separation of either lover and mistress, or parent and child, and internally calculating how much of life would be taken up with these blanks in affection and happiness. I knew that the labours of the next day would brush

away the clouds that I saw gathering on the hearts of my rustic friends, and that the healthy breeze and cheering voices of nature, meeting with no contradiction in their free unburdened consciences, would make them happy as before. But I had oftener calculated the chances of human existence than they were ever likely to do, and I knew better what such a parting was.

The young soldier now rose and prepared to set out. His father took his hand, and "God blessed" him, with a low and subdued voice, while the mother and sister hung on his neck, sobbing out their prayers that he might soon come back to them. Their neighbours looked as if their farewells would be out of place at such a time, and waited patiently by; and the young girl, whose gushing tears showed how fondly her heart was longing to pour itself out, hung her head in silence. At length the door opened, and the lovers took farewell of each other, with as much true-hearted affection, I am persuaded, as lovers ever felt.

I now found it was time for me to pursue my own journey, and I left the cottage with many a wish that every hope of its simple inhabitants might be realized.

BILLY BUTTERWORTH, THE OLDHAM HERMIT.

NEAR the summit of a hill, called Glodwick Loes, situated on the borders of Lancashire, near the populous town of Oldham, commanding a very extensive prospect, stands the solitary, yet celebrated hut of "Billy Butterworth." The eccentric being who bears this name, from the manner of his dressing, an immense beard reaching to his girdle, and many other singularities, has obtained the name of "the hermit;" though, from the great numbers that daily and hourly visit him from all parts, he has no real claim to the title.

Billy Butterworth's hut is a rude

building of his own construction, a piece of ground having been given him for the purpose. In the erection of this hut, the rude hand of uncultivated nature laughed to scorn the improvements of modern times, for neither saw, nor plane, nor trowel, assisted to make it appear gracious in the eye of taste: a rude heap of stones, sods of earth, moss, &c. without nails or mortar, are piled together in an inelegant, but perfectly convenient manner, and form a number of apartments. The whole has the appearance of a heap of rocks thrown together, with trees and plants growing amongst them; and

its parts are so firmly united, that its tenant fears not "the pelting of the pitiless storm;" but, snug beneath his lowly roof, he appears equally content with the smiles or frowns of fortune.

To give a proper description of the hermit's hut, would be very difficult, but a brief sketch will communicate a pretty good idea of the object. The lodge is made of rude branches of trees, where the visitor has to bend, as he enters into the pleasure ground. It is surrounded by a fancy and kitchen garden, curiously decorated with rude seats, arches, grottos, &c.; a few plaster of paris casts are here and there placed, so as to have a pleasing effect.—On the outer part of the hut formerly stood the hermit's chapel, in which was a half-length figure of himself; to this chapel he used to retire at certain hours, in devotion to his Maker; but as he makes little pretensions to religion, he has pulled it down: besides, where stood the chapel is an observatory; and here the hermit amuses his numerous visitors by exhibiting a small camera obscura of his own construction, by which he is enabled to explain the surrounding country for four or five miles. Near the camera obscura is a raised platform, almost on a level with the roof of the hermitage; this he calls "the terrace." From the terrace there is a beautiful view of the country. The towns of Ashton-under-lyne, Stockport, Manchester, lie in the distance, with the adjacent villages, and the line of Yorkshire hills, from among which "*Wila Bank*" rises majestically above its neighbours. The hermit makes use of this situation, to give signals to the village at the foot of the hill, when he wishes to be supplied with any article of provision for the entertainment of his visitors, such as liquors, cream, callads, bread, &c.: of confectionary, ginger beer, and peppermint, he has generally a good stock.

We next come to his summer arbores, which are numerous in his garden, and furnished with tables

and seats for parties to enjoy themselves separately, without interfering with others. He formerly had a dove-house in his garden, where he kept a few pairs of doves; but some unlawful wretch, in the absence of the owner, stole the doves,—which so offended the hermit that he took down the dove-house. Of the out-buildings, the last we shall describe, is the carriage-house. The reader may smile at the word "carriage" in such a situation, and would be more apt to believe me if I had said a wheel-barrow. But no! grave reader, "*Billy Butterworth*" runs his carriage, which is of the low gig kind, drawn by an ass, and on extra occasions by two asses. A little boy, called Adam, is the postilion, as there is only seating for one in the carriage. The boy acts as a waiter in busy times. In his carriage, "*Billy Butterworth*" drives to his wealthy neighbours, and meets with a gracious reception. He frequently visits the Earl of Stamford, Earl de Wilton, &c. &c. and, from his grotesque dress and equipage, excites mirth to a great degree.

The inner part of this hermit's hut consists of many different apartments, all of which are named in great style: the east front enters into the saloon, in which are two half-length portraits of the hermit, painted by himself, and a great many other paintings, organ, jars, table, half-circle chairs, sofas, &c. From the saloon we enter the repository, where natural curiosities, such as mosses, shells, stones, coins, wood-shoes, landscapes, &c. are so placed as to excite the admiration of the gazing multitudes. Next is the library, in which a few books are so placed as to correspond with the other parts of the hut. We next pass through the servants' hall, (in which is a turn-up bed, ancient chest, shelf, cupboards, sofas, a small oven, made of an iron pot turned on its side,) into the dining-room, through a narrow lobby, and painted door. From the dining-room we enter the drawing-room, which is covered with

a palm leaf, the gift of John Blackburn, Esq. M. P. The walls are lined with drapery, tastefully hung, and the furniture exhibits numerous specimens of ancient carved wood-work. Pictures of all sorts, from the genuine oil painting, and prints of good line engraving, down to the common caricature daubs, are numerously hung in every part of the hut.

"Billy Butterworth" is himself a tall man, of rather a commanding figure, with dark hair, and dark sparkling eyes. His countenance is of a pleasing but rather of a melancholy appearance, which is increased by an immensely long black beard.

On the whole, although he is now in the evening of life, the remains of a once handsome man are evident. His dress is varied according to the seasons; in winter he wears black cloth, in spring green, in summer red, in autumn yellow. He travels in black velvet, always resembling the costume of Elizabeth and Charles's days; a black cap, black ostrich feathers, and buckle, long waistcoat, jacket with silk let into the sleeves, small-clothes of the same, and over the whole a short mantle.

Billy Butterworth has lived in this solitary abode for twenty-six years. His reasons for adopting this mode of life appear to be, in consequence of his residing in his younger days with a family of ladies, with whose retired habits he was so much captivated, that when he returned to live in his father's house, (his father is still living,) with his brothers and sisters, though he had been brought up with them, their manners so disgusted him, that, into the chamber in which he lodged, he made a way through the roof, and ascended and descended by a ladder; and it is called to this day, "Billy's chamber." But the general opinion is, that a disappointment in love has been the cause; and which, in some degree, he acknowledges, as he says, the world will have it so. However, let that rest as it will, it is said he has accumulated, by these eccentric means, a handsome property; but he is so independent, that he will not receive a present from his friends. He is communicative to strangers; is polite, and well-informed on general topics, and has evidently read much. He was in his younger days a member of a corps dramatique.

TYRANNICAL TREATMENT OF THE LAST QUEEN OF GEORGIA.

THE subjugation of Georgia, to the Russian sceptre, was attended with many interesting circumstances, which are as yet, either entirely unknown, or at least, known but very imperfectly in Europe. We have, however, met with an account in a German journal, of the removal from Tiflis, of the last individual of the Royal family, who attempted to recover the sovereignty which Russia had extinguished. An abstract of this story, which though romantic, is, we believe, substantially true, may be interesting at the present moment, when the powerful Autocrat of the North, is understood to have recommenced war with Persia, on the one hand, and on the other, to threaten

a formidable attack on the Ottoman Porte.

It is well known, that, about the end of the last century, some of the principal tribes of Georgia, unable to repel the repeated attacks of the Turks and Persians, eagerly sought the assistance and protection of Russia. The appeal was not made in vain. The Russian troops marched into the country, and supported the Kings of Georgia, Imerthia, (called in the maps and gazeteers, Immeretia and Imiretta,) and the other chief Princes of the country. But it was soon found, that these independent Sovereigns quarrelled among themselves, and Russia was not slow in taking advantage of the dissensions,

which, it is alleged, she provoked. Like the Greeks, the Georgians wished to be independent; but that wish did not coincide with the policy of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. It was there determined, that the several native Princes should be removed to a distance from their territories, and allowed pensions for their subsistence. Most of them submitted quietly to the arrangement imposed on them. Only one, Salomon II., King of Imerthia, rejected the Russian offer. He fled, placed himself under the protection of the Porte, and died at Trebisonde, in 1815.

The Princess, whose last unsuccessful attempt to throw off the Russian yoke we shall briefly relate, was Maria, the daughter of Prince George Tsitianoff, and the widow of George XIII., son of the celebrated Heraclius, King of Georgia. This last of the Georgian Kings died in December, 1800. His eldest son, David, ought then to have ascended the throne, but, in consequence of stipulations made by Russia in the Treaty of Tiflis, concluded in November, 1795, he was merely declared Regent, and was, finally, removed to Russia in the year 1803. The whole country was immediately converted into a Russian province. This change was chiefly brought about by Prince Paul Dimetrewitch Tsitianoff, who, though nearly related to the royal family, was completely devoted to the interests of Russia. He had risen to the rank of general in the Russian army, and, for his services on this occasion, was appointed Governor-General of Georgia.

Prince Tsitianoff appeared to have now put an end to all idea of further resistance on the part of the country, and as no danger was apprehended from Queen Maria, she, without much difficulty, obtained permission from the Russian Government to remain in Georgia with her infant children, of whom she had seven, five male and two female. The Queen, however, did not feel much gratitude

for this favour, as she suspected that her sons, on approaching manhood, would be taken from her and removed to Russia. She, therefore, resolved to escape into her father's territory, where she expected to find the means of making head against the Russians. In the mean time General Tsitianoff, who was aware of the bold and decided character of the Queen, kept a strict eye upon her. All her movements were carefully watched, and at last the General thought it necessary to advise the Russian Government to withdraw the permission for her residence in Georgia. But this was not sufficient; the Queen might take some important step before the decision of the Russian Government could arrive; and to guard against every accident, he gained over, by promises and bribes, Kalatusoff, a Georgian of noble family, who was in the Queen's household, and honoured with her entire confidence. This wretch, seduced by the offer of a brilliant reward, disclosed all the plans of the Queen.

Maria relied much on the Pshavi and Tushini, two Caucasian tribes, who inhabit the banks of the Yora to the north-west of Tiflis, and whose character and customs render them formidable to their enemies. Their laws incite to the most daring hardihood in the field, and they are taught to regard revenge as a duty. He who returns from battle wounded in the back is punished with death, and the beard must remain unshaved until the death of a relation be avenged. These mountaineers had from time immemorial, formed the body guard of the Georgian kings, and they had always been strongly attached to the Royal family. Maria determined in the first instance to take refuge among the Pshavi; but the plan of her escape was betrayed by Kalatusoff, at the moment when every thing was prepared for its execution.

One of the chiefs of the Pshavi, named Hadilla, remarkable for his courage and gigantic stature, was deputed by his tribe to conduct the

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plan of escape. He had several conferences with the Queen on the subject, which were immediately disclosed by Kalatusoff. General Tsitianoff wished to verify the information he had received, and for that purpose ordered Hadilla to be summoned before him. There was with the General, only his interpreter, whom he thought proper to have present at this interview, though he knew the language of the Pshavi perfectly well. Kalatusoff was concealed behind a sofa. On Hadilla's entrance, he saluted the General in the manner of his country, and the following dialogue followed between them :

"What has brought you to Tiflis?"

"I have come here to purchase salt."

"Do not attempt to deceive me, you have other reasons for being here."

"I have come to purchase salt."

"Your life is forfeited if you do not speak the truth. If you persist in concealment, I have power to order your head to be struck off instantly."

"What, order me to be beheaded immediately! By whom then? By that Armenian interpreter there, perhaps, (putting his hand in his bosom) but I have still a dagger ***."

The General perceived that he could not succeed by threats, and endeavoured to extract something by milder language. But his alteration of tone produced no effect. Hadilla's unvarying answer was, that he came to buy salt. The General then called Kalatusoff from his concealment, and confronted him with the Pshavi, who indignantly refused to answer any farther questions. Six Russian grenadiers were then introduced, who disarmed Hadilla, and conveyed him to the fortress.

The General was now satisfied that the removal of the Queen was indispensable to the peace and tranquillity of the country. He, therefore, resolved to accomplish that object on the following day, the 12th of April, 1803. It was his wish, however, that nothing should seem to be done privately, but that it should appear that the Queen was proceeding of her own accord on a journey.

Every thing was, therefore, to be conducted with pomp and ceremony. Accordingly, at an hour of the morning rather too early for waiting on a Princess, Major-General Lazareff, in full uniform, accompanied by an interpreter, named Sorokin, having the rank of Captain, and followed by two companies of infantry, with military music, proceeded to the Palace. Lazareff went directly to the Queen's apartment, where he found her sitting, in the oriental manner, with her legs crossed under her, on an elevated cushion. She was surrounded by her seven children, the eldest of whom was barely seven years of age, and who were sleeping on adjoining cushions. Lazareff intimated that she must immediately prepare to leave Tiflis. The Queen had for some days apprehended that a measure of this kind would be adopted before she could effect her escape. But, though she was not altogether taken by surprise, she did not fail to remonstrate against so precipitate an order. She pointed to her children, and said, that if she waked them rashly "it would turn their blood." This is a prevailing prejudice in Georgia. When Lazareff stated that he acted under the orders of General Tsitianoff, she merely said "Tsitsiano too-fiani," i. e., "Tsitianoff is the disgrace of his family." Beside the cushion on which the Queen sat, and which covered a kind of state bed or throne, there was a pillow on which she used occasionally to recline her head, and which she now drew towards her knee, apparently resting her arm upon it. In this pillow she had, for some time, kept concealed the sword of her deceased husband. Lazareff perceiving no disposition to prepare for the journey, approached the cushion on the left, and stooped down with the intention of raising the Queen. Maria, who had by this time laid the pillow quite across her knee, suddenly drew the sword and plunged it into his side, exclaiming, "So perish all the agents of tyranny and dishonour." The wound was mortal, and the Russian, with a con-

vulsive cry, instantly expired. So-rokin, the interpreter drew his sword to oppose the Queen, and wounded her severely on the shoulder; Helena, the mother of Maria, being alarmed by the noise, rushed at this moment into the apartment, and seeing the blood streaming from her daughter's wound, clasped her in her arms, with the eager action of a parent protecting her child. Four officers also immediately entered, and in a moment the house was full of Russian soldiers. The Queen was dragged from the arms of her mother, and hurried with her children into a carriage, which had been prepared to receive her. A strong military escort accompanied the carriage. Every where on the road the Georgians gave proofs of their attachment to the Queen, but

the soldiers permitted very few persons to come near her. It was wished to know what the Queen might say to any of the people, or what conversation might pass between her and her children. For this purpose, a Russian, who understood Georgian, was selected to conduct the carriage. This man, on his return to Tiflis, related many affecting anecdotes of the journey. Among the rest the following:—The young prince Gabriel, only six years old, said, "Mother, why did you kill that officer?" "For your honour, my dear," answered the Queen; to which, the child replied, "Mother, say that I did it, and then the Russians will not harm you."

On arriving in Russia, the Queen was shut up in a cloister, and thus ended the kingdom of Georgia.

ANCIENT FLUTES AND FLUTE PLAYERS, &c.

THE ancient flutes were made of reeds, wood, and metal: they were of great importance in antiquity, and of different sorts, some of which were used in times of mirth, and others in times of mourning. The invention has been given, by poets, to Apollo, Mercury, and Pan. Among the ancients they were called *fistulæ*, and sometimes *tibia*-pipes. Borel says the word *flute* is derived from *fluta*, the Latin for a lamprey or small eel, taken in the Sicilian seas, having seven holes immediately below the gills on each side, the precise number of those in the front of the flute. Aristotle tells us, that the flute, after its first invention, was used by mean people and thought an ignoble instrument, unworthy of a freeman, till after the invasion and defeat of the Persians, whose ease, affluence, and luxury, soon rendered its use so common that it was a disgrace to a person of birth not to know how to play upon it. Epaminondas was an able performer on the flute. The Thebans were great performers on this instrument. It ap-

pears that Alcibiades setting up for a fine gentleman, and taking the utmost care of his person, was soon disgusted with the flute, as Minerva herself had been before; for happening to see himself in a mirror while he was playing, he was so shocked at the distortion of his sweet countenance, that he broke his flute in a transport of passion, and threw it away, which brought the instrument into great disgrace among the young people of rank at Athens; however, this disgust did not extend to the sound of the flute itself, since we find by Plutarch, that the great performers upon it continued long after to be much followed and admired. Horace speaks of bands of female flute-players, some of whom existed in his time; they became so common in all private entertainments as well as at public feasts, obtruding their company, &c. unasked, that their profession was regarded as infamous, and utterly abolished. The most celebrated female flute-player of antiquity was Lamia. Her beauty, wit, and abilities in her profession, made her regarded as

a prodigy. As she was a great traveller, her reputation soon became very extensive; her first journey from Athens, the place of her birth, was into Egypt, whither she was drawn by the fame of the flute-players of that country. Her person and performance were not long unnoticed, at the court of Alexandria; however, in the conflicts between Ptolemy, Soter, and Demetrius, for the island of Cyprus, about 312 B. C., Ptolemy, being defeated in a sea engagement, his wives, domestics, and military stores fell into the hands of Demetrius. Plutarch says, the celebrated Lamia was among the female captives taken in this victory. She had been universally admired at first on account of her talents, for she was a wonderful performer on the flute; but afterwards her fortune became more splendid, by the charms of her person which procured her many admirers of great rank. The prince, whose captive she became, and who, though a successful warrior, was said to have vanquished as many hearts as cities, conceived so violent a passion for Lamia, that from a sovereign and a conqueror he was instantly transformed into a slave, though her beauty was more on the decline, and Demetrius, the handsomest prince of his time, was much younger than herself. At her instigation he conferred such extraordinary benefits upon the Athenians, that they rendered him divine honours, and as an acknowledgment of the influence which she had exercised in their favour, they dedicated a temple to her under the name of "*Venus Lamia*." Ismenias, the Theban, was one of the most celebrated performers on the flute of antiquity. Having been taken prisoner by Athens, king of the Scythians, he performed on the flute before that rude monarch; but though his attendants were charmed so much that they applauded him with rapture, the king laughed

at their folly, and said that he preferred the neighing of his horse to the flute of this fine musician. He was sent ambassador into Persia, and Lucian says, that he gave three talents, or £581 5s. for a flute at Corinth. Dorian, the celebrated flute-player, was a great wit and a great glutton, and was often invited by Philip of Macedon, in order to enliven his parties of pleasure. Having lost a large shoe at a banquet, which he wore on account of his foot being swelled by the gout, "*the only harm I wish the thief,* (said he,) *is, that my shoe may fit him.*" How great a demand there was for flutes in Athens, may be conceived from a circumstance mentioned by Plutarch, in his life of Isocrates. This orator, says he, was the son of Theodorus, a flute-maker, who acquired wealth sufficient by his employment, not only to educate his children in a liberal manner, but also to bear one of the heaviest public burdens to which an Athenian citizen was liable, that of furnishing a choir or chorus for his tribe or ward, at festivals and religious ceremonies. Each tribe furnished their distinct chorus; which consisted of a band of vocal and instrumental performers, and dancers, who were to be hired, maintained, and dressed during the festival: an expense considerable in itself, but much increased by emulation among the richer citizens, and the disgrace consequent to inferior exhibition. The fluctuations of trade and public favour have rendered the business of boring flutes far less profitable at present than it was in the time of Theodorus. But then (says a modern writer on this subject) we have had an harpsichord maker in our own country (Kirkman) who died worth £100,000, and who was as able to maintain a choir as Theodorus, or any dean or chapter of a cathedral.

ANATOMY OF DRUNKENNESS.*

THIS little book is evidently the production of a man of genius. The style is singularly neat, terse, concise and vigorous, far beyond the reach of an ordinary mind; the strain of sentiment is such as does honour to the author's heart; and the observation of human life, by which every page is characterized, speaks a bold, active, and philosophical intellect. As a medical treatise it is excellent—but its merit is as a moral dissertation on the nature, causes and effects of one of the most deplorable and pernicious vices that can degrade and afflict all the ongoing of social life.

It was not likely, that a work of so much spirit and originality should not very soon attract notice; and accordingly, we are pleased, but not at all surprised, to see that it has already reached a second, and a greatly extended and improved edition. It is perfectly free from all quackery and pretension; the writer does not belong to the solemn and stupid Gold-headed-cane School; he writes with much of the animation and *vivida vis animi* of the late incomparable John Bell; but the character of his style, of his sentiments, and of his opinions, is his own, and his little most entertaining, interesting, and instructive Treatise is stamped from beginning to end with the best of all qualities—originality—of itself enough to hide a multitude of defects, but which is here found allied with uniform sound sense, sagacity and discretion.

"Drunkenness," Dr. Macnish observes, "is not like some other vices, peculiar to modern times. It is handed down to us from 'hoar antiquity;' and if the records of the antediluvian era were more complete, we should probably find that it was not unknown to the father of the human race."

Let observation with extensive view survey mankind from China to Peru, and what one single small district of the habitable globe will be found, even on the Sabbath-day, perfectly sober? The possession of unclouded reason to the victims of sin and sorrow would seem to be felt as a curse. Therefore, they extract insanity from flowers and blossoms, bright with the blooms and fresh with the dews of heaven, and drink down their misery into dreamless sleep. True, as Mr. Macnish says, "that drunkenness has varied greatly at different times and among different nations;" but, perhaps, take one country with another, though the spirit of the age has varied, the quantum of the vice has been pretty much the same, drunkard has balanced drunkard, and earth herself continued to reel and stagger on her axis.

Drunkenness prevails, we agree with the author, more in a rude than in a civilized state of society. It seems, too, to prevail to a much greater extent in northern than in southern latitudes.

Mr. Macnish has a chapter on the causes of drunkenness,—and it is an excellent one—every sentence in it being concise and vigorous.

He then touches on another topic—and a melancholy one it is—yet true.

"Drunkenness," he observes, "appears to be in some measure hereditary. We frequently see it descending from parents to their children. This may undoubtedly often arise from bad example and imitation, but there can be little question that, in many instances at least, it exists as a family predisposition."

We regret that our limits will not allow us to copy Mr. Macnish's description of the agreeable sensations of incipient drunkenness, and of the

* The Anatomy of Drunkenness, by Robert Macnish, Member of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow. Glasgow, 1828.

opposite ones which accompany the succeeding stages of the fit. We know not any where a more vivid and breathing picture. Justice is done to the subject, both on its fairer and darker side, and Truth has guided the pen or pencil at every touch. No moral is drawn,—but a moral is there, nevertheless,—and amidst all the airy mirth so well described, it sounds like a small, chiming, melancholy knell, foreboding woe and destruction.

We once saw a man under sentence of death, (he was to be, and was, executed next morning) under the influence of an enormous quantity of ardent spirits. He had got it smuggled into prison by his wife. He had swallowed about two bottles of rum that day,—but though dismal, he was not drunk. Fear and horror kept him sober. His senses were in some measure *dazed*, but his soul was alive in its agony, and his groans were the ghastliest ever heard out of or in a condemned cell. Among all the confusion of the thoughts within him, one thought was ever uppermost; and he knew in all the dreadful distinctness of reality, always so different from a dream, that he was to be hanged next morning at eight o'clock, and his body given to dissection. He staggered up and down in his chains, and then, ever and anon, sat down on the edge of his iron bed, and stared on vacancy with blood-shot eyes, as if he saw the hangman or Satan. The liquor had lost its power over the "heart of the man oppressed with care," and all that it did seemed to be, to bring the gallows nearer to him in the gloom,—to dangle the rope nearer to his throat and eyes,—and to show him, like a reality on the stone-floor, his own shell or coffin. His prayers were muttered angrily, like curses; no deluding hope of reprieve or respite rose from the rum fumes sickening his stomach and clouding his brain,—no minister of religion, much needed as he was, would then have been welcome. There was an obscure and dim mistaking in his tortured spirit, of his sentence as the

mere judgment of men, instead of the doom of the Eternal, whose great law he had violated,—he denied, demon-like, the righteousness of the fiat, "blood for blood;" and in the blackness of his face you read wrath against wrath, that of a wicked worm against that of the Holy of Holies, wickedness struggling with conscience, and crime, fear-stricken and appalled, yet loath to give way to penitence, though preyed on by remorse, while all his body trembled and shook as at the noise of a devouring fire.

The shame, horror, penitence, and dreadful remorse, that men have felt for words said and deeds done in drink, prove that drink can inspire thoughts into men's hearts most alien from their nature, and drive them to the commission of acts, of which, as long as they were in their sober senses, no trial, no temptation, could ever have made them guilty, or even form to themselves a thought fleeting as a shadow. But they had put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains, and thence sometimes rape, robbery and murder, followed by swift retribution and lamentable doom.

Drunkard, stand forward, that we may have a look at you, and draw your picture. There he stands! The mouth of the drunkard, you may observe, contracts a singularly sensitive appearance—seemingly red and rawish; and he is perpetually licking or smacking his lips, as if his palate were dry and adust. His is a thirst that water will not quench. He might as well drink air. His whole being burns for a dram. The whole world is contracted into a calker. He would sell his soul, in such extremity, were the black bottle denied him, for a gulp of Glenlivet. Not to save his soul from eternal fire, would he, or rather could he, if left alone with it, refrain from pulling out the plug, and sucking away at destruction. What a snout he turns up to the morning air, inflamed, pimpled, snubby, and snorty, and with a nob at the end on't, like one carved out

of a stick by the knife of a school-boy—rough and hot to the very eye,—a nose which, rather than pull, you would submit even to be in some degree insulted. A perpetual cough harasses and exhausts him, and a perpetual expectoration. How his hand trembles! It is an effort even to sign his name; one of his sides is certainly not by any means as sound as the other; there has been a touch of palsy there; and the next hint will draw down his chin to his collar bone, and convert him, a month before dissolution, into a slaving idiot. There is no occupation, small or great, insignificant or important, to which he can turn, for any length of time, his hand, his heart, or his head. He cannot angle—for his fingers refuse to tie a knot, much more to busk a fly. The glimmer and the glow of the stream would make his brain dizzy—to wet his feet now would, he fears, be death. Yet he thinks that he will go out—during that sunny blink of a showery day—and try the well-known pool in which he used to bathe in boyhood, with the long, matted, green, trailing water-plants depending on the slippery rocks, and the water-ouzel gliding from beneath the arch that hides her “procreant cradle,” and then sinking like a stone suddenly in the limpid stream. He sits down on the bank, and fumbling in his pouch for his pocket-book, brings out, instead, a pocket-pistol. Turning his fiery face towards the mild, blue, vernal sky, he pours the gurgling brandy down his throat—first one dose, and then another—till, in an hour, stupefied and dazed, he sees not the silvery crimson-spotted trouts, shooting, and leaping, and tumbling, and plunging in deep and shallow. Or, if it be autumn or winter, he calls, perhaps, with a voice at once gruff and feeble, on old Ponto, and will take a pluff at the partridges. In former days, down they used to go, right and left, in potatoe or turnip-field, broomy brae or stubble—but now his sight is dim and wavering, and his touch trembles on the trigger. The

covey whirrs off, unharmed in a single feather—and poor Ponto, remembering better days, cannot conceal his melancholy, falls in at his master's heel, and will hunt no more. Out, as usual, comes the brandy bottle—he is still a good shot when his mouth is the mark—and having emptied the fatal flask, he staggers homewards, with the muzzle of his double-barrel frequently pointed to his ear, both being on full cock, and his brains not blown out only by a miracle. He tries to read the newspaper—just arrived—but cannot find his spectacles. Then, by way of variety, he attempts a tune on the fiddle—but the bridge is broken, and her side cracked, and the bass-string snapped—and she is restored to her peg among the cobwebs. To conclude the day worthily and consistently, he squelches himself down among the reprobate crew, takes his turn at smutty jest and smuttier song,—falls back insensible, exposed to gross and indecent practical jokes from the vilest of the unchanged—and finally is carried to bed on a hand-barrow, with hanging head and heels, and, with glazed eyes and lolling tongue, is tumbled upon the quilt—if ever to awake it is extremely doubtful;—but if awake he do, it is to the same wretched round of brutal degradation—a career, of which the inevitable close is an unfriended deathbed and a pauper's grave. O hero! six feet high, and with a brawn once like Hercules—in the prime of life, too—well born and well bred—once bearing with honour the king's commission; and on that glorious morn, now forgotten, or bitterly remembered, undaunted leader of the forlorn-hope that mounted the breach at Badajos—is that a death worthy of a man—a soldier—and a Christian? A dram-drinker! Faugh! faugh! Look over—lean over that stile, where a pig lies wallowing in mire—and a voice, faint, and feeble, and far off, as if it came from some dim and remote world within your lost soul, will cry, that of the two beasts, that bristly one,

agrunt in sensual sleep, with its snout snoring across the husk-trough, is, as a physical, moral, and intellectual being, superior to you, late Major in his Majesty's — regiment of foot, now dram-drinker, drunkard, and dotard, and self-doomed to a disgraceful and disgusting death ere you shall have completed your thirtieth year. What a changed thing since that day when you carried the colors, and were found, the bravest of the brave, and the most beautiful of the beautiful, with the glorious tatters wrapped round your body all drenched in blood, your hand grasping the broken sabre, and two grim Frenchmen lying hacked and hewed at your feet! Your father and your mother saw your name in the "Great Lord's" Despatch; and it was as much as he could do to keep her from falling on the floor, for "her joy was like a deep affright!" Both are dead now; and better so, for the sight of that blotched face and those glazed eyes, now and then glittering in fitful frenzy, would have killed them both, nor, after such a spectacle, could their old bones have rested in the grave.

Let any one who has had much experience of life, look back upon the ranks of his friends, companions, acquaintances, and persons whom he knew but by name—or not even by name—although he had become informed of something of their habits and history. How many drunkards among them have drunk themselves to death, and, before their natural term, disappeared—first into disgraceful retirement in some far-off hut, and then into some church-yard apart from the bones of kindred!

But these are not, bad as they are, by any means the worst cases. Scotland—ay, well-educated, moral, religious Scotland, can show, in the bosom of her bonny banks and braes, cases worse than these; at which, if there be tears in heaven, "the angels weep." Look at that grey-headed man, of threescore and upwards, sitting by the way-side! He was once an Elder of the Kirk, and a pious man he was, if ever piety adorned

the temples,—“the lyart haffets, wearing thin and bare,” of a Scottish peasant. What eye beheld the many hundred steps, that, one by one, with imperceptible gradation, led him down—down—down to the lowest depths of shame, suffering, and ruin? For years before it was bruited abroad through the parish, that Gabriel Mason was addicted to drink, his wife used to sit weeping alone in the sponce, when her sons and daughters were out at their work in the fields, and the infatuated man, fierce in the excitement of raw ardent spirits, kept ceaselessly raging and storming through every nook of that once so peaceful tenement, which for many happy years had never been disturbed by the loud voice of anger or reproach. His eyes were seldom turned on his unhappy wife, except with a sullen scowl, or fiery wrath; but when they did look on her with kindness, there was also a rueful self-upbraiding in the expression of his eyes, on account of his cruelty; and at sight of such transitory tenderness, her heart overflowed with forgiving affection, and her sunk eyes with unendurable tears. But neither domestic sin nor domestic sorrow will conceal from the eyes and the ears of men; and at last Gabriel Mason's name was a byword in the mouth of the scoffer. One Sabbath he entered the kirk, in a state of miserable abandonment, and from that day he was no longer an elder. To regain his character seemed to him, in his desperation, beyond the power of man, and against the decree of God. So, he delivered himself up, like a slave, to that one appetite, and in a few years his whole household had gone to destruction. His wife was a matron, almost in the prime of life, when she died; but as she kept wearing away to the other world, her face told that she felt her years had been too many in this. Her eldest son, unable, in pride and shame, to lift up his eyes at kirk or market, went away to the city, and enlisted into a regiment about to embark on foreign service. His two

sisters went to take farewell of him, but never returned; one, it is said, having died of a fever in the Infirmary, just as if she had been a pauper; and the other—for the sight of sin, and sorrow, and shame, and suffering, is ruinous—gave herself up, in her beauty, an easy prey to a destroyer, and doubtless has run her course of agonies, and is now no more. The rest of the family dropped down, one by one, out of sight, into inferior situations in far-off places; but there was a curse, it was thought, hanging over the family, and of none of them did ever a favourable report come to their native parish; while he, the infatuated sinner, whose vice seemed to have worked all the woe, remained in the chains of his tyrannical passion, nor seemed ever, for more than the short term of a day, to cease hugging them to his heart. Semblance of all that is most venerable in the character of Scotland's peasantry! Image of a perfect patriarch, walking out to meditate at even-tide! What a noble forehead! Features how high, dignified, and composed! There, sitting in the shade of that old way-side tree, he seems some religious missionary, travelling to and fro over the face of the earth, seeking out sin and sorrow, that he may tame them under the word of God, and change their very being into piety and peace. Call him not a hoary hypocrite, for he cannot help that noble—that venerable—that apostolic aspect—that dignified figure, as if bent gently by Time loath to touch it with too heavy a hand—that holy sprinkling over his furrowed temples, of the silver-soft, and the snow-white hair—these are the gifts

of gracious Nature all—and Nature will not reclaim them, but in the tomb. That is Gabriel Mason—the Drunkard! And in an hour you may, if your eyes can bear the sight, see and hear him staggering up and down the village, cursing, swearing, preaching, praying,—stoned by blackguard boys and girls, who hound all the dogs and curs at his heels, till, taking refuge in the smithy or the pot-house, he becomes the sport of grown clowns, and after much idiot laughter, ruefully mingled with sighs, and groans, and tears, he is suffered to mount upon a table, and urged, perhaps, by reckless folly, to give out a text from the Bible, which is nearly all engraven on his memory,—so much and so many other things effaced for ever—and there, like a wild Itinerant, he stammers forth unintentional blasphemy, till the liquor he has been allowed or instigated to swallow, smites him suddenly senseless, and, falling down, he is huddled off into a corner of some lumber-room, and left to sleep,—better far, for one so pitifully miserable, were it to everlasting death!

From such imperfect pictures we return with satisfaction to the Treatise. The chapter "On the Pathology of Drunkenness" is one of the most striking in this singularly able work. Among the consequences of drunkenness which the author has here given, are many of the most painful diseases which flesh is heir to.

We have room only to add, that to those who stand in need of advice and warning, Mr. M.'s Treatise is worth a hundred sermons. As a literary composition, its merits are very high.

ORIGIN OF DEAN SWIFT'S MEDITATIONS UPON A BROOMSTICK.

SWIFT was in the habit of going to visit Lady Berkeley, his patron's consort. She was a great admirer of "Boyle's Pious Meditations," and used often to request the Dean to read aloud some portion

from them. Such occupation, however, was too little congenial with the Dean's humour, and soon he resolved to revenge himself upon Boyle for the irksome task thus imposed upon him. In short, he wrote a pa-

rody upon him, which he got printed, and entitled "Meditations upon a Broomstick." This he sewed into the copy of Boyle from which her Ladyship was accustomed to read. It was exactly the same paper, type, and so ingeniously inserted, that no one was likely to conjecture the deceit. So, the next time, he opened the book at the "Meditations upon a Broomstick," which, with a very grave countenance, he read aloud.

Lady.—"No jesting, if you please, Mr. Dean, upon so grave a subject."

Swift.—"Jesting! I vow, my Lady, I read it as I find it,—here it is 'Meditations upon a Broomstick.'"

Lady.—"So it is—upon my word, it is a 'Meditation upon a Broomstick.' What a singular subject! But let us see; Boyle is so full of ideas, that I am persuaded he will make it extremely edifying, though it looks so odd."

With great gravity, Swift proceeded to read a very original comparison between a broomstick and a man, and contrasting the destiny of mankind with that of the broomstick: "This stick," he continued, in a solemn tone, "this stick, that you see thrown thus ignominiously into a corner, was once flourishing in the woods," &c. &c. "Oh, excellent Boyle!" exclaimed her Ladyship, "how admirably he has drawn the moral from so trifling a subject. But

whatever he touches he turns to gold." The Dean, preserving his gravity, made signs of assent, as if he quite agreed with her Ladyship, and then took his leave. In the evening her Ladyship had a party, and one of the first topics started was Boyle's excellent "Meditations upon a Broomstick." Some of the company began to laugh.

"You may laugh," exclaimed her Ladyship, "but I am astonished you should not have heard of it; it is quite worthy the pen of this great moralist." Others, however, ventured to question its existence; when her Ladyship, in triumph, points out the part, which they saw sure enough.

"Have I convinced you, gentlemen; I see you are quite confounded; but to tell you the truth, so was I at first. Indeed, I should still have been ignorant of the fact, but for Mr. Dean Swift, who was so good as to point it out to me, only to-day."

"What!" cried some of the party, "was it Swift? this is one of his tricks then, let us have another copy of Boyle. They went and looked, and looked, but no "Meditation upon a Broomstick" was to be found: it was plain that the whole had been interpolated. The lady concealed her chagrin; but, henceforth, she never imposed upon the author of "Gulliver" the reading of these edifying lectures. And this was what he wanted.

POLICE OF FRANCE.

A RICH merchant of Lyons was very lately robbed in that city, to a very large amount: and, after using every exertion in his power, was led to believe that the thief had fled to, and was resident in Paris, whither he directed his course, without the least delay. On his arrival in the metropolis, he communicated to one of his friends, (a literary character, and whose political writings had assured him some months' detention in prison, and an acquaint-

ance with the police,) the history of his loss, and his suspicions regarding its author. "If he be in Paris," replied his friend, "I engage he shall be forthcoming. Follow me." They were soon in the presence of an officer of the *gendarmérie*, who, having listened composedly to the merchant's narration, ordered him to return on the morrow. The next day, the merchant having presented himself, the officer informed him that he had discovered the thief; that

he was in Paris, and his residence known. "Let us lose no time, Sir," exclaimed the eager and expectant merchant, in the fear he should escape. "Do not alarm yourself," said the other; "he is strictly watched, and is even *associated* with the Police." "I shall instantly hasten for an order of arrest from the Procureur du Roi," continued the merchant, in preparing to depart. "Not quite so hasty, if you please," replied the apathetic officer; "that you will obtain the order you propose, I pretend not to deny; or that it will be imperative on me to show it obedience; but you will decidedly defeat your object; and the man you seek will be unattainable." "I do not understand you, Sir." "Listen for a moment, and I shall explain the matter. My responsibility as a police-officer is great, and extends to the interests of the community in general. I require many hands, and the means accorded me of satisfying them are trifling; yet if I do not pay well I shall want assistance; and if they whom I employ can gain more on their own account than in executing my orders, it would be impossible for me to act. I therefore, of necessity, conform to the long established usages of my department. A criminal, you may be aware, is ever upon the alarm; but so long as he is not directly and publicly charged with a particular offence, I accept a compromise with him; and he pays me in return a monthly sum, which goes to the remuneration of my subalterns. The very man in question relies at this

moment upon the faith of our treaty, assured of not being molested until I have special orders regarding him. In that event, I am bound in honour to advise him that our agreement is at an end, and that he must look to his own safety. He will then use his best attempts to escape, and I to entrap him. The person you inquire for is in the situation I have mentioned; and, if you will follow my counsel, before you proceed judicially, you had better try conciliatory measures. I shall direct him to be to-morrow, at a certain hour, in the *Rue Monconseil*, and you will meet him there. Two of my men shall be near you for your protection. You will enter into an explanation with the robber; and I shall be greatly surprised if, after the hints I shall convey to him, you do not come to a satisfactory arrangement in respect to the stolen property."

The interview took place as proposed, and an amicable agreement was entered into. The merchant, when well assured of restitution, presented the officer with a sum far inferior to what the expense of prosecution on his part would have amounted to; while, even in the latter case, justice might have been probably better satisfied by the result than the merchant himself.

This circumstance, which but recently occurred, and on the truth of which implicit reliance may be placed, tends to prove that the Police (of Paris at least) is less devoid of information respecting the authors of crimes, than it is deficient in zeal, activity, and disinterestedness.

VARIETIES.

THE IRISH BAR.

LORD Avonmore was subject to perpetual fits of absence, and was frequently insensible to the conversation that was going on. He was once wrapped in one of his wonted reveries; and, not hearing one syllable of what was passing, (it was at a

large professional dinner given by Mr. Bushe,) Curran, who was sitting next to his lordship, having been called on for a toast, gave "All our absent friends," patting, at the same time, Lord Avonmore on the shoulder, and telling him that they had just drunk his health. Quite uncon-

scious of anything that had been said for the last hour, and taking the intimation as a serious one, Avonmore rose, and apologizing for his inattention, returned thanks to the company for the honour they had done him by drinking his health.

There was a curious character, a Sergeant Kelly, at the Irish bar. He was, in his day, a man of celebrity. Curran gave us some odd sketches of him. The most whimsical peculiarity, however, of this gentleman, and which, as Curran described it, excited a general grin, was an inveterate habit of drawing conclusions directly at variance with his premises. He had acquired the name of Counsellor Therefore. Curran said that he was a perfect human personification of a *non sequitur*. For instance, meeting Curran one Sunday near St. Patrick's, he said to him, "The Archbishop gave us an excellent discourse this morning. It was well written and well delivered; *therefore*, I shall make a point of being at the Four Courts to-morrow at ten." At another time, observing to a person whom he met in the street, "What a delightful morning this is for walking!" he finished his remark on the weather, by saying, "*therefore*, I will go home as soon as I can, and stir out no more the whole day."

His speeches in Court were interminable, and his *therefores* kept him going on, though every one thought that he had done. The whole Court was in a titter when the Sergeant came out with them, whilst he himself was quite unconscious of the cause of it.

"This is so clear a point, gentlemen," he would tell the jury, "that I am convinced you felt it to be so the very moment I stated it. I should pay your understandings but a poor compliment to dwell on it for a minute; *therefore*, I shall now proceed to explain it to you as minutely as possible." Into such absurdities did his favourite "*therefore*" betray him.

THE ARTS.

"Study, *therefore*, the great works of the great masters for ever. Study

as nearly as you can in the order, in the manner, and on the principles on which they studied. Study nature attentively, but always with those masters in your company; consider them as models which you are to imitate, and at the same time as rivals with whom you are to contend."

This precept should be the motto to every work and every criticism on art. It should be inscribed in letters of gold in every academy, gallery, exhibition-room, and painters' study throughout the world. As a proof that it is not a string of unmeaning words founded on blind adoration of antiquity, there should be placed nigh to the inscription, works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Titian, as criterions to be reverted to for the guidance of the artist, and as a preservative from the effects of modern exhibitions, and from the "seduction" deprecated by Sir Joshua Reynolds "of the ambition of pleasing indiscriminately the mixed multitude of people who resort to them."

RUSSIAN SOCIETY OF AGRICULTURE.

At the last sitting of the Imperial Society of Agriculture of Moscow, M. Skiadan, proprietor of some fine flocks of Merinos in the Government of Voronige, exhibited an instrument of his invention for ascertaining the thickness or fineness of the wool, with the greatest exactness. This instrument, which is called an *Eriometre*, excels all others of a similar description, not excepting those of the celebrated Dollond, or of M. Koebler, of Zwicken, in Saxony.

BOTANICAL CURIOSITY.

The Number of "Edwards's Botanical Register" for March, contains a figure of the fine new Air Plant of China, long known to Europeans by the drawings of the Chinese, and celebrated for the splendour of its flowers and the fragrance of its perfume. It has for some years been cultivated in the stoves of this country, but no means could be discovered for making it flower, till a new method was pursued by the gardener of his Royal Highness the Prince Leopold at

Claremont, which finally proved successful. Under this mode of treatment a branch of blossoms was produced, between two and three feet long, and composed of some hundreds of large flowers, resplendent with scarlet and yellow. The plant has the remarkable property of living wholly upon air. It is suspended by the Chinese from the ceilings of their rooms, which are thus adorned by its beauty and perfumed by its fragrance.

EDUCATION IN THE NETHERLANDS.

At Mons, in the Netherlands, a monthly journal is published, devoted to the purposes of primary and higher instruction. The last number contains a dialogue between the pastor of a parish and his parishioner, who is alarmed at the very name of learning. The worthy curate, in language appropriate to the prejudices of his hearer, at last succeeds in making him comprehend, that in less time than was formerly spent in learning to read, many elementary notions might now be acquired in writing, arithmetic, drawing, history, and geography. The peasant, however, is not convinced at first that any thing more is necessary for young people beyond some knowledge of arithmetic, but in a subsequent dialogue, yields to the overwhelming arguments of his instructor. In general, we cannot bestow too much praise on the government of the Netherlands for the pains it takes to diffuse the blessings of education among the very poorest of the people, well convinced that education is the grand safeguard of public morals and happiness.

NAVARINO.

The site of the late engagement is an example of the loveliness of Grecian scenery. The spacious bay, whose waters are of that deep blue peculiar to southern climes, where the heavens they reflect are pure and cloudless, is enclosed by a picturesque range of majestic mountains, whose flanks, broken into ridges warmed and brightened by the sun,

and into valleys, whose deep recesses collect in their flight the dissipated shadows, present those sublime effects of light and shade, which the hand of nature, and of nature only, can produce. These mountains, as they rise above the mass formed by their intermingled bases, divide into peaks, often bold and rugged; and where opposed to the meridian sun, their divers hues heightened by its rays, form a delightful contrast of colour with the deep azure of the sky on which the summits trace their outline. The shores are varied by promontories, whitened by the foam of the waves breaking incessantly at their feet, and by receding creeks, on whose shelving beach the surflless waters advance and retire without obstruction. On one side, the modern Navarino, with its walls and citadel and bastion, rises on the steep declivity of the cone-topped Mount Temathia; and on the other, the ruins of old Navarino, the Pylos of the ancients, the city of the venerable son of Neleus, crown the heights. Off the point, in which the land here terminates, the Coryphaion of the Lacedæmonians, lies the rocky island of Sphacteria, so celebrated in the annals of Greece, closing and defending the entrance to the bay.

Two-and-twenty centuries have elapsed since the Athenian and Spartan triremes struggled for mastery in the bay of Pylos, and again the beautiful haven has become the theatre of strife for hostile navies. Yet, how different the scene! In the place of contest between flotillas of galleys, manœuvring to sink their antagonists by the simple blow of a rostrum; instead of combats hand to hand, with sword and buckler; the vast three deckers of modern nations make the shores of Navarin echo with their artillery. The clamour of the combatants is drowned in the roar of the cannon, and in the explosion of floating fortresses. Rival nations no longer contending, but now inspired by mutual emulation, seem animated by the more generous sentiments of our nature—

by feelings such as those which Napoleon knew how to touch with effect, as incentives to glorious deeds, when within sight of the pyramids of Egypt, he reminded his troops that twenty ages looked down upon their actions.

STEAM COACHES.

People are, just now, talking a quantity of most superlative nonsense against the steam-coaches. They will blow up, forsooth, and they will destroy the breed of draught-horses. As for their blowing up, accidents, doubtless, at first will occasionally happen; but, pray, was not the Manchester mail upset a few months ago, the Leeds coach a few weeks ago, and the Chester mail a few days ago? And were there not lives lost in each of these instances? With respect to the breed of horses, when we want them no longer, why, in folly's name, should we continue to breed them? But, then, the farmers will be obliged to give up growing oats. Yes; and so, thirty years ago, were the Birmingham people obliged to discontinue making shoe-buckles. "Oh!" says some worthy country-gentleman, who receives three letters in the month, and writes one,— "I'm sure we get our post quite soon enough; what do a few hours more or less signify?" "Why, a letter, arriving a few hours sooner or later, may signify to a merchant half his fortune, or to any one of us the happiness of a life-time, nay, that life itself. Moreover you drive horses to death for the same purpose which steam will answer without any inhumanity at all." "But these steam-engines are innovations." "There you have me; I cannot answer that; but I may observe, so were, in their day, coats, waistcoats, and breeches; houses, beds, sea-coal fires, and roast-beef.

PROVIDENCE OF THE PARISIAN PRINTERS.

Of the total amount of members of the provident societies of Paris, the number of individuals connected with the press, forms a fourth part. Paris gives employment to 6000 per-

sons of the male sex, in the different professions immediately connected with printing and engraving; and more than half that number are united in provident societies, which guarantee them from the need of relief from an hospital; but of the 300,000 individuals of other callings which Paris contains, only 10,330, a little more than a thirtieth part, belong to any friendly societies; it is thence fairly inferred, there is fifteen times more sense and care among the journeyman printers, than among the members of all the other callings followed in the French capital.

LITERARY MEETINGS.

The monthly dinners given by the Editor of the "Revue Encyclopedique," during the last nine years, have an interest and a peculiarity of character which no other re-union of this nature possesses. Celebrated individuals of every nation then meet for the purposes of literary or social intercourse, and for destroying those baneful prejudices which formerly set nations in array against each other, and perpetuated enmities which a more frank and cordial intercourse might have altogether prevented. At a recent meeting of this nature, we observed natives of Britain, Russia, Poland, Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, Dalmatia, Moldavia, Italy, Corfu, Greece, Spain, the Netherlands, &c., together with many Frenchmen. Learned men, in short, of every nation, then meet to communicate those ideas which may afterwards become the fruitful germ of civilization over far distant countries.

MODE OF KEEPING APPLES.

It seems not to be generally known, that apples may be kept the whole year round by being immersed in corn, which receives no injury from their contact. If the American apples were packed among grain, they would arrive here in much finer condition. In Portugal, it is customary to have a small ledge in every apartment, (immediately under the cornice,) barely wide enough to hold

an apple : in this way the ceilings are fringed with fruit, which are not easily got at without a ladder ; while one glance of the eye serves to show if any depredations have been committed.

BELL RINGING.

A poor Swiss, who was in the mad-house of Zurich, was rather afflicted by imbecility than madness, and was allowed his occasional liberty, which he never abused. All his happiness consisted in ringing the bells of the parish church ; of this he was somehow deprived, and it plunged him into despair. At length he sought the governor, and said to him, " I come, sir, to ask a favour of you. I used to ring the bells ; it was the only thing in the world in which I could make myself useful, but they will not let me do it any longer. Do me the pleasure then of cutting off my head ; I cannot do it myself, or I would save you the trouble." Such an appeal produced his re-establishment in his former honours, and he died ringing the bells.

NICE DISTINCTION.

A few evenings since, a French gentleman in the pit at Drury-Lane theatre perceiving some dirt on the coat of the gentleman seated on his left, said, " I perceive, sir, you have had a *rencontre* with a cart." " No, sir," replied the other, peevishly, " it was a *coach*."

PARAPHRASE OF THE 19TH PSALM.

That beautiful paraphrase of the 19th Psalm, beginning with " The spacious firmament on high," generally attributed to Addison, was really written by the patriot, Andrew Marvel. This was one night referred to at the Literary Club, where Dr. Johnson was present : when he, taking off his hat, went through the whole hymn with a solemnity so impressive, as deeply to affect his attentive auditors. The general appearance of the doctor was harsh and repulsive, but on this occasion, his features were brightened into an almost celestial mildness and serenity.

DILATORY INCLINATIONS.

Mr. Peel, Secretary for the Home Department, when speaking in the House of Commons of the Lord Chancellor, (Eldon,) said, that to apply the words of the poet to that noble Lord, " even his failings leaned to virtue's side." A gentleman present remarked that in that case his lordship's failings resembled the leaning tower of Pisa, which, in spite of its long inclination, had never yet *gone over* !

EFFEMINACY OF THE ROMANS.

The Romans, said Nigrinus to Lucian, dare to speak truth once in their lives—when they make their wills ; and what use do they make of this liberty ? why, to command some favourite robe to be burnt with them, some particular slave to keep watch by the sepulchre, some particular garland to be hung about the urn ! And this is the end of a life spent in being carried on soft litters to luxurious baths, slaves strutting before, and crying to the bearers to beware of the puddles, and gorging at banquets, and being visited at noon-day by physicians, and all the bustle and tumult of the hippodrome, all the noise about statues to charioteers, and the naming of horses.

These are the gentry whose fingers are so overburthened with rings, whose hair is so fantastically curled out, who answer one's humblest salute by proxy, and who are accustomed, nevertheless, to see beggars become viceroys, and viceroys beggars, as at the shifting of a scene.

VACCINATION.

Before the introduction of vaccination into the new world, one hundred thousand Indians were destroyed by the smallpox in one year in the single province of Quito. The late Duke of York said, that " in the Military Asylum not one unsuccessful case in vaccination had happened in the course of twenty years."